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MONTHLY

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

DECEMBER 1917

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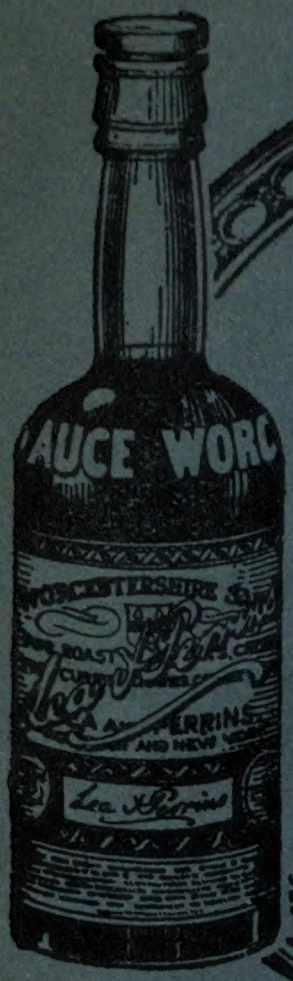

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Adapted from an exclusive Paris model, and made by our own workers from the richest Lyons Brocades, handsomely trimmed with swansdown, and finished at waist with wide ribbon slotting. In all the newest shades.

Price

12½ Guineas

In rich Charmeuse or Crêpe de Chine, **8½** Gns.

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Famous for over a Century
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Advertisement Supplement

A Gift of Value

¶ All book-lovers would highly delight in a gift of a suitable bookcase in which to keep their most treasured "tomes" free from dust. Now that the gift season is here once more, the opportunity has arrived, and the bookcase to give is the famous Oxford sectional—a real British production—perfectly constructed, splendidly finished, and with nothing of the office stamp about it. Each section is complete in itself, and can be added to from time to time as the books increase. As an alternative, or even supplementary, gift to the bookcase, the celebrated "Oxford" 'Varsity Lounge Chair would be a gift worth having. This chair was introduced by Messrs. William Baker and Co., Ltd., Oxford, nearly thirty years ago, and has established itself as a favourite lounge chair with undergraduates who understand the art of comfort. This chair may be recommended to everyone as an ideal lounge chair on account of its comfort, durability, and moderate cost, and is suitable for home, club, hotels, and military hospitals. Patterns of the coverings and all details regarding size and price will be sent post free on application, and a free booklet on the Sectional Bookcase is obtainable also from Messrs. William Baker and Co.

A Useful Yule-tide Gift

¶ The Swan Pen is an institution, and in spite of all imitations and rivalries it holds its own by sheer merit. Nowadays we are all letter-writers, and many of the most precious and anxiously expected missives are written in strange places and postures on sea and land: places where pen and ink are unobtainable unless they form part of your equipment, like your toothbrush. It is the splendid portability and adaptability of the Swan which makes it a sheer necessity, with its little ink tabloids to refill it when it runs dry. The civilian may be contented to use the filler, but away in France, Egypt, or Mesopotamia the solid ink refill and a little water have their advantages. No blunt or illegible pencil does, but the familiar gold nib which is sweet to the hand and to the paper, and helps the ideas to flow as easily as the ink itself. It's really strange that man was so long inventing the fountain pen—the old goose-quill lasted well, and then came the perishable steel nib, still a slave to the ink-well, and one's own pen was compelled to rest in one place. Nowadays such a barbarous state of things is unthinkable. The portable pen and ink is part of a man, like his watch, and of all the number the Swan, which led the way, still leads, because it has touched perfection and stood the long test of time and the rough and tumble of campaigning. No present could be better chosen for any man, woman, boy, or girl than this useful, necessary, delightful Swan—a lifelong friend, an intimate confident of every written word, and an incentive to ready writing.

"Premier"

The Whisky de Luxe

In pre-war days acquired an exclusive reputation for its chaste quality.

To-day "Premier" is unique: the qualities which made it supreme—*delicacy, age and bouquet*—are *absolutely maintained.*

WRIGHT & GREIG, LTD.,
Distillers,
Glasgow & London.

In Quest of Treasures

¶ There is nothing more pleasurable than present-buying, because it takes one amongst unusual things if one knows where to look for them. I found some delightful treasures in the antique department at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's at Wigmore Street the other day, which I certainly coveted, and which I am sure would make ideal presents for anyone. An old bedside table, for instance, was one attractive thing, and a pair of old-fashioned wooden stools were quite unique, while a bread-and-cheese tray in old wood might be stuffed and used as a footstool. There was a very beautiful sampler under glass fixed on a small upright screen, convertible into a table, which anyone would delight in possessing. A dumb waiter was another rare find. Then the tea-caddies have now special significance, for, like our grandparents, we shall soon be bringing our tea and sugar to the table safely locked up in one of these receptacles. There are many very beautiful boxes at Debenham's, and one with a centre for sugar in fine satin wood is worthy of special mention as an elegant and appropriate gift suggestion. Old card boxes, some of which contained real old packs of cards, were other things I admired, and an old painted wooden bellows is a priceless possession for some collector of antiques. There is a very fine example of Chippendale in a small hanging book-case fitted with a drawer, and a miniature swing glass is something to capture, as well as a tiny work-table with a draught-board top. Purses and note-cases in old brocaded silks, fine specimens of old glass and china, handsome cushions in rich old colourings, are other very covetable things to inspect. There are rare old pieces of embroidery used in various ways, such as a stomacher of Queen Anne days, and a lovely little housewife—both beautifully worked on the finest silk; a fine piece of embroidery set in a tray of inlaid mahogany; a needlework picture in its original gold frame; a casket of gilt wood worked in Italian embroidery; and an exquisite sampler dated 1776 are other choice antique specimens. There are, of course, many delightful things suitable for Christmas gifts in other departments at Debenham's, particularly such things as alabaster lamps with lights inside; an electric standard lamp in black lacquer, with table and paper basket to match; a lovely little table in red lacquer; Chinese pottery in the *famille* rose design; a large selection of artistic hand-painted parchment shades; hanging reflecting lights to contain one electric bulb in soft colours. A visit to view these and other novelties for Christmas is certainly cheering and inspiring.

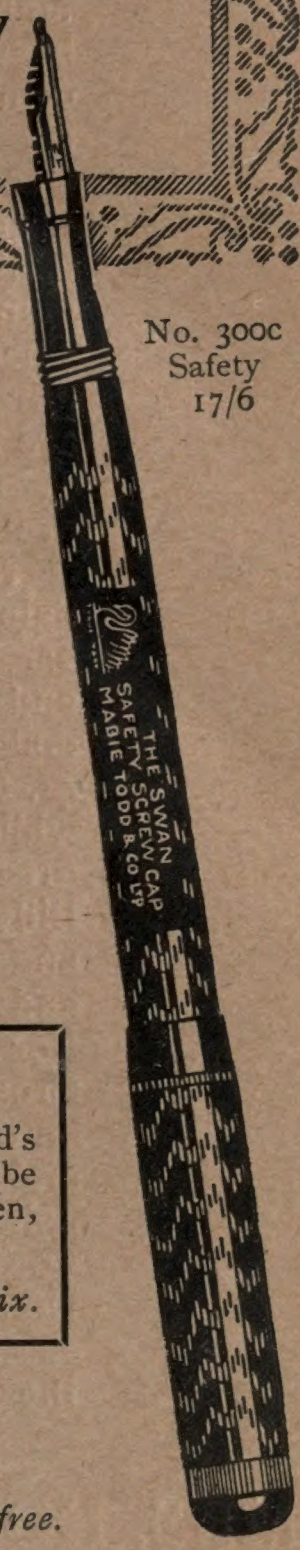
The Need for Trained Women

¶ Never has there been such a demand for trained women in all professions as there is to-day, and though much unskilled labour is employed at the moment, when the war is over preference in every case will be given only to the efficient who have been well-educated and properly trained. All who can should take advantage of the many opportunities for training at moderate fees, which are possible. Mrs. Hoster's secretarial training for well-educated girls has met with universal success, and many of her pupils are in receipt of incomes varying from two to six pounds a week. It was Mrs. Hoster who introduced the first woman to be admitted into one of the largest insurance offices at a commencing salary of £150, and she is now at the head of a department of sixty-two workers. Since the war broke out Mrs. Hoster's Registry has found remunerative posts for over two thousand educated women and girls. She was asked to release her own secretary at a day's notice for work in the Prime Minister's "Garden Suburb." Her six month's course—the one

THE "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

A Gift that is appreciated

No. 1500
Standard
10/6



No. 300c
Safety
17/6

Few things are so useful in business and private life as the "Swan" Pen. In Military Service the "Swan" has proved invaluable. Whenever and wherever there is a call for writing, it is conveniently at hand and instantly serviceable. It is the best fountain pen because it has no complicated mechanism and cannot go wrong except by accident or gross misuse.

A Touch of Individuality

may be added to the "Swan" Pen you give by having your friend's name or a suitable inscription engraved upon it. Whether it be Names, Initials or Monograms you desire to have engraved on the pen, this can be done at small extra cost.

The minimum charge is 1/- for six letters and 2d. per letter over six.

At pre-war prices from 10/6.

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers. *Illustrated Catalogue post free.*

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.1;
38, Cheapside, E.C.2; 204 & 95a, Regent St, W.1, London; 3, Exchange St., Manchester;
Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, etc.

London Factory—
319-329, Weston Street, S.E. 1.

Associate House—
Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York & Chicago.

The Guarantee of Satisfaction

A suitable nib may be selected from a specimen of handwriting.

Unsuitable pens exchanged free, after presentation.

generally taken—qualifies a well-educated girl for practically any kind of secretarial position, and work is easily and quickly obtainable as soon as the girl is fitted for it. Mrs. Hoster's offices are at St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph Street, E.C.2, and full particulars regarding training and cost will be sent to anyone writing to this address.

In Toyland

¶ "Toyland" at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street and Vere Street, is a wonderful place—an Aladdin's cave of delight—for you descend to this region by a decorative staircase, and find yourself in a white, snow-clad world with dark blue star-covered paper to suggest the winter skies. Everything is beautifully arranged and tastefully laid out, and you wander from compartment to compartment with the greatest joy, whether you are young or old; indeed, you often feel inclined to exclaim with the children, "Oh! there's Cinderella." "Oh! look at the dragon." "Toyland" fills one with pride, too, because it is an exhibition of artistic and practical toys made by the best British manufacturers. The show of dolls alone is worth a special visit. There are really charmingly dressed British dolls from half a guinea upwards, and many little dolls ready dressed at much less. There are super-dollies in costly raiment reclining on ottomans or sitting on armchairs. There are big-jointed, undressed baby dolls and pretty French dolls and dolls that shut their eyes, and, of course, there are dolls' houses and wardrobes and dinner and tea sets in dainty designs in China. Little jerseys and caps for dolls from 2s. 11d. each are novelties, and there are sets of jumper frocks and knickers and caps from 3*s.* 11*d.*, which solve the problem of doll dressing most satisfactorily. The "Cuddly" dolls from 4*s.* 6*d.*, and the "Bunny" dolls from 3*s.* 9*d.*, are delightful things; while there are toys in abundance, including "Smirk," the saucy green-eyed dog, and "Tou-Tou," a general favourite. "Chilly Billy" is the season's sensation in English soft toys, by the way, and he can be bought from 3s. 9d. in "Toyland." Teddy bears and other animals on wheels are useful and strong nursery toys. For boys there are soldiers, and trains, and ambulances, and Red Cross tents grouped round a magnificent fort, where a desperate battle is in progress. There are Noah's Arks, and wheel-barrows, and wooden toys of every description, including some most artistic painted farmhouses, and farmyards, and animals. The work of Lord Roberts' disabled soldiers is on exhibition, and there is a wondrous show of crackers. In "Toyland" there is real Christmas cheer, and the war seems very far away. It is the place to take the children.

MRS. HOSTER'S SECRETARIAL TRAINING

offers the well-educated girl just the training she needs to take an important part in the national work of the day. Many past pupils now command from £150 to £300 a year.

Part of the Course can be taken by correspondence. Evening classes are also held.

REFERENCES:—

Adeline, Duchess of Bedford; The Countess of Mayo; The Countess (Dowager) of Desart; The Viscountess St. Cyres; The Lady Battersea; Messrs. Dawes & Sons, Solicitors; C. E. Town, Esq., Asst. Secretary, London Chamber of Commerce, and many others.

Full information on request to

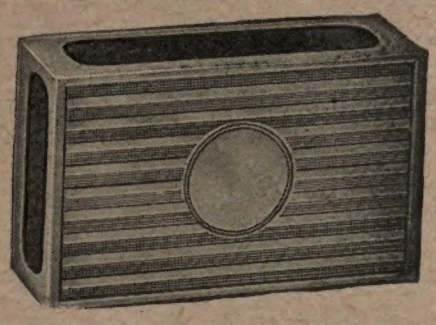
Mrs. HOSTER, F.I.P.S.,

Secretarial Training Offices, St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph Street, E.C. 2.

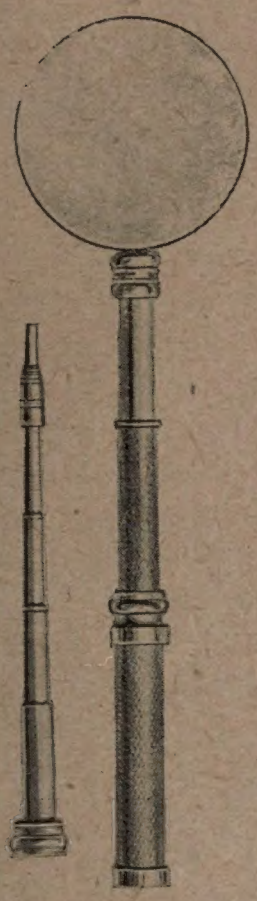
JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS
TO H.M. THE KING

Christmas Presents

Solid Silver Pencil Case with Fine Quality Indelible Lead, carrying a reserve of three leads ... 7/6
Engine-turned Pattern 9/-



Solid Silver Engine-turned "Midget" Match Slide. 10/-
9-carat Gold £3 0 0



Solid Silver Extending Reading Glass, fitted with Telescopic Pencil. Length 4 ins.
£1 10 0

Extra Heavy Solid Silver Engine-turned Single Row Cigarette Case, Flat. Length 5 inches. £3 5 0
Plain Silver. £2 15 0

A Waterman's Fountain Pen. Lever Self-Filling. £1 0 0

For those who have to make Gifts at Christmastide, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have a most comprehensive selection of suitable Gifts. Every article is of highest quality and no better value can be obtained elsewhere. A fully illustrated catalogue will be sent post free on application.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford Street, or elsewhere—in London or abroad. Only one address, 112, Regent Street, London, W. 1.

THE
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY LTD
with which is incorporated
The Goldsmiths Alliance Co Estd 1751
112, Regent Street, London, W. 1.

The Gift Season

¶ Presents will be more than ever acceptable this year—because they are richly deserved. Nearly all men and women are war-workers of some kind and they will certainly welcome the thought that prompts the sending of some appropriate and coveted offering—while the soldiers home on leave deserve all the gifts we can spare to them. Those for the boys in the trenches have already been dispatched: if not there is still time at any rate for France, and there are plenty of serviceable and suitable presents for soldiers at quite moderate prices at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent-street. Silver flasks may be specially mentioned from 30*s.*, and there are luminous service watches for the Woman's Army as well as the men's from £3 15*s.*—really splendid quality like everything else at this renowned house. The man at home will appreciate the latest novelty—a propeller scarf-pin, or some gold Indian turned sleeve-links, which are only £3 10*s.* a pair. A plain gold signet ring is a suitable parting gift for a boy going overseas, while there are some choice "Mizpah" brooches for his return gift to "her"—a pretty sentiment and a pretty brooch in Palladium and diamonds. There are rings, of course, in infinite variety: gem rings as a pledge of betrothal at astonishing prices for quality and beauty of design. Among these I admired a square sapphire with diamonds set at angles on two of the corners, only £6 5*s.*; another, somewhat similar, had a round sapphire centre circled with diamonds. This was £7 5*s.*; and a very handsome cluster ring may also be mentioned as remarkable value at £15, in which a single pearl shone out in resplendent beauty, surrounded by sparkling diamonds. The initial diamond bracelets on *moiré* ribbon are just as popular as ever, and can be had from £3, according to the initial. There are some lovely sapphire and diamond necklaces in novel and artistic designs, and the daintiest brooches to match, at various prices. One can get quite a simple little gift bar-brooch in plain gold with a diamond initial at £2 5*s.* The new diamond arrow brooches and smaller arrow veil-fasteners are particularly attractive. The ear-rings of jade and pink coral and diamonds are other fascinating things, and I still see in memory a black opal pendant—a wondrous gem of fire and imagination, which could not fail to arouse enthusiasm in whoever is lucky enough to become its possessor—despite the opal superstition. Many of the delightful things I have mentioned are illustrated on page x, and an early visit to see them and the other choice things at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company is certainly advisable. A. E. M. B.

Index to CHARITABLE APPEALS in this Issue

for our Readers' kind consideration.

Dr. BARNARDO'S HOMES *See page* xx.

Donations to:—
DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES,
18, Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1.

R.S.P.C.A. *Inset at back.*

Donations to:—
Hon. Sec., R.S.P.C.A. Fund, Dept. 00,
105, Jermyn Street, S.W.1.

CHURCH ARMY HUTS *See page* xv.

Donations to:—
PREBENDARY CARLILE, D.D.,
Hon. Chief Sec., Headquarters,
Bryanston Street, Marble Arch,
London, W.1.

To the Housewives of Britain—

BURN LESS FUEL!

OUR Country is very short of fuel.

Our Allies, France and Italy, are even more short of fuel.

Our enemies are most short of all, but that does not diminish our difficulties ; it only makes it more easy to face them cheerfully.

We are short of all kinds of fuel

—not merely of coal but of oil and gas also.

That is a fact which you must take to heart.

The Government have asked you to economise in coal consumption and to use gas rather than coal—but they have also asked you to *be economical in your use of gas.* The supply of gas is temporarily limited. It is not possible to enlarge gas works to any extent during the war, and the output of many existing works is restricted by shortage of labour and materials ; while—on account of the increased demand for gas for munition works and of the unprecedented growth in its use for industrial and domestic purposes (caused partly by the loyal response to the Government appeal made to you to use gas instead of coal)—the supply of

Gas will run short this winter

—for **War Needs** which must come before **Home Needs**—unless every housewife exercises the strictest economy in its use.

No one should indulge in the comfort of a gas fire in the bedroom except in case of illness.

The use of hot water should be reduced to a **minimum.**

The number of rooms heated and lighted should be strictly limited.

The utmost economy should be observed in the use of gas for cooking.

Gas should never be left burning a moment longer than is necessary.

The meter should be read regularly so that waste can be promptly detected and stopped.

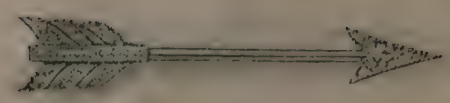
IF the supply of gas essential for munition works and for other war purposes is to be fully maintained during the remainder of the war,

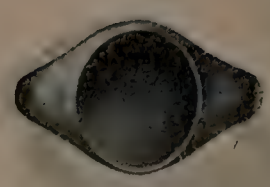
everyone must

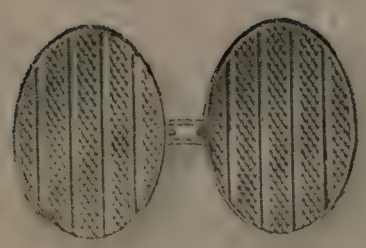
BURN LESS FUEL!

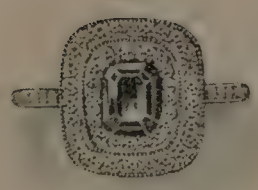
THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION

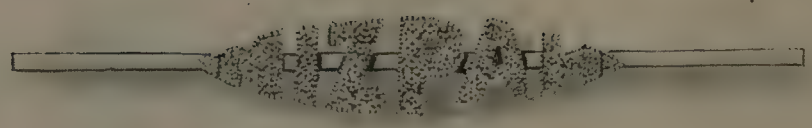
47, *Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.* 1.











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WE have now in stock a number of attractive and moderately priced hats. These are copied and adapted from the newest French Models, and are made in our own Workrooms by highly skilled milliners.

CHARMING POKE SHAPE in velvet, with tiny silk fringe.

Price 42/-

SOFT VELVET PIPED TOQUE with squash crown. In black only.

Price 42/-

COSY CAP in two shades of panne or velvet. Also in black.

Price 42/-

CATALOGUE POST FREE.

NOTE.—This Establishment will be closed on Saturdays until further notice.

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WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar

SOAP

is now known as the

Soldiers' Soap.

It

Soothes, Protects, Heals.

Dear Sirs, Bournemouth, *1916.*

I am sending you an extract from my son's letter (he is on active service, somewhere in France). I wrote asking if I should send him vermin powder, and his reply is: "DON'T SEND ANY VERMIN POWDER, THANKS; I USE WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, THAT'S AS EFFECTIVE AND MUCH MORE PLEASANT."

It seems to me a unique and spontaneous tribute to your soap.

Yours truly, S . . . . .

4½d. per Tablet.

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

A pipe of this excellent mixture gives a welcome "lift" to mind and body, and—the touchstone of good tobacco—there is no reaction afterwards

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow

King's Head is stronger
Both sold at 9½d. per oz

Three Nuns Cigarettes

MEDIUM

4½d. for 10 ; 9d. for 20
Cardboard boxes of 50—1/9½

564

The Food in Illness

THE sick person has no taste for food, yet strength must be maintained at all costs. It is not possible to use a more satisfactory food than the 'Allenburys' DIET, which has answered when all other kinds of food have failed. The following unsolicited testimonials from Medical Men, are taken from among many.

A Doctor writes:—

"I consider it a first-class Diet, not only in illness, but also in those cases where every other kind of food seems to disagree."

(SIGNED).....M.B.

Another Doctor writes:—

"During recent family illness I found your Diet a most convenient and nourishing food, and many a time when preparing it in the 'small hours' for the patient I secretly blessed you for your valuable product."

(SIGNED).....L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.

Soothes, Nourishes, Restores.

The 'Allenburys' DIET For Adults

No Cooking or Cow's Milk required. Made with boiling water only.

In tins at 2/- and 4/- each of Chemists.

Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London

D 75

Bear in mind the fact that the war has made no difference whatever to the supreme quality of

BERMALINE

Bermaline Best Brown Bread is always very enjoyable, digestible and nutritious. The twice-blessed daily bread.

Write to
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for Free Sample Loaf
and name of nearest
Bermaline Baker.

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FOR
GOUT & RHEUMATISM

RADIUM has proved the most reliable agent for eliminating Rheumatism and Gout from the system. The marvellous rays from Radium penetrate to the seat of pain, resolve the dreaded acid crystals into the component parts, render them soluble, and expel them in Nature's way. Radior Special Pads are GUARANTEED (under £500 penalty) to contain Actual Radium and to remain Radio-Active at least 20 years. Comfortable to wear, never lose power, no embrocation, rubbing, or other treatment required. No renewals. No further cost. Price ONE GUINEA each at

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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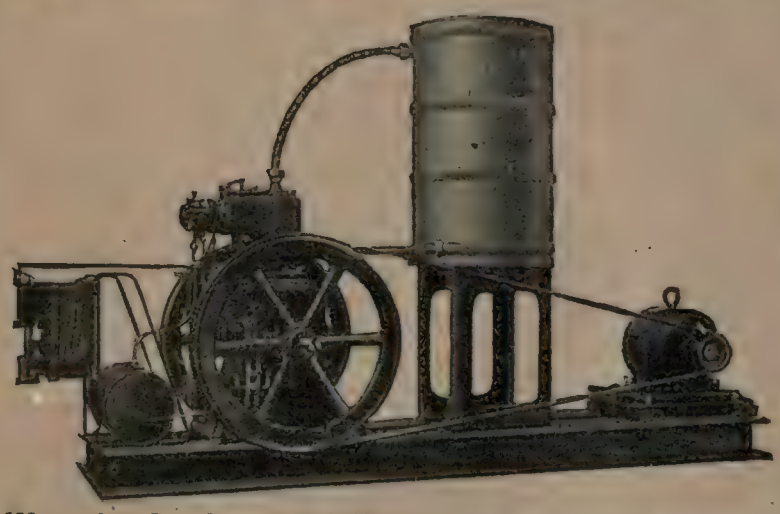

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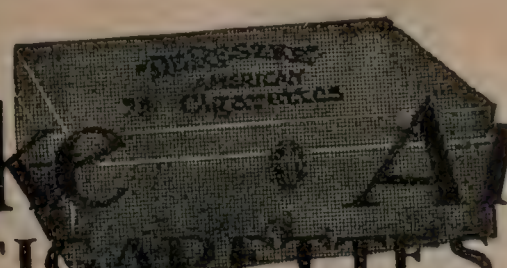

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1917

The Gaff

By R. Watson-Kerr

OUT, out into the wind-swept cleansing night
Whose purple canopy, the sky, is bright
With the soft splendour of the full-round moon
And a thousand stars that mystically croon
Strange melodies upborne on the cooling wind,
Out into the night I plunge, my fevered mind
Hot and drunk.
Out to the night from the stenches
Of a swelt'ring music-hall where leering wenches
Sickly pale, nudge lustfully in glee the men
That smoke and sweat in their music-den
Like bestial things; where the reeking pit
Vomits out its noise of ribald wit,
The click of glasses in its bar in the rear
Where bloated men swill nauseous beer,
Its drunken babbling, oaths, hysteric glee,
Licentious talk, and loathsome waggery;
Where huddled men and women sit in swarms
All sensual and sweating all, on forms
Above a spittle-littered floor; and where
Tall men with silent philosophic air
Yclad in tawdry braided gold, spit out
Tobacco juice and watching, prowl about!
Out from the garish stage flashed bright with lights
That lure the eyes of the sweating crowd to sights
And things they lust for, women showing legs,
And more (like that fat girl, half nude, that begs
Her languid lover's ravishing embrace
And smiles hideously in his grinning face);

Full-limbed, tight-laced wantons singing all
Delirious songs of love that shrilly fall
On the gloating herds like balm; voluptuous dancing,
And the winking chorus, ludicrously prancing
On behind, like animated dolls . . .!
Ugh! enough, this tinsel show appals
My soul. Away! this gruesome glare. Away,
This carnival of gay indelicacy,
Gross and joyless!
Out I rush to the night
Whose purple covering, the sky, is bright
With the soft splendour of a million stars
And the mystic moon. Out, out, to list to bars
Of delicious music mingled with the scent
Of hidden flowers, that surely ne'er was meant
For man. Out, out, to wash my jaded soul
With cooling airs from the star-wrought purple bowl
Of night, in the vast solemnity
Of silent trees where purple shadows lie
And where, by a rugged ivy'd grot, enriched
With golden withered leaves, a brook bewitched
By the elfish spell of moonbeams, babbles on
And mutters of a silent graceful swan
It loves; and where, upon the whispering grass
Slim fairy dancers laugh and twinkling, pass!

Unidentified

By Mary Borden Turner

Look well at this man. Look!
Come up out of your graves, philosophers,
And you who founded churches, and all you
Who for ten thousand years have talked of God.
Come up out of your silent, sheltering tombs
You scientists who died unsatisfied,
For you have something interesting to learn
By looking at this man.

UNIDENTIFIED

Stand all about, you many legioned ghosts!
He will not notice you.
Fill up the desert with your shadowy forms,
And in this vast resounding waste of death
Be for him an unseen retinue,
For he is going to die.

Look at his ugliness.
See how he stands there, planted in the mud like some old battered image of a faith forgotten by its God.
Look at his grizzled head jammed up into that round, close hat of iron.
See how he hunches up his shoulders;
How his spine is bent under his clumsy coat like the hard bending of a taut strung bow;
And how he leans, gripping with grimy fists the muzzle of his gun that digs its butt end down into the mud between the solid columns of his legs.
Look close—come close, pale ghosts,
Come back out of the dim unfinished past,
Crowd up across the edges of the earth
Where the horizon like a red-hot wire writhes, smoking, underneath tremendous blows.
Come up, come up across the quaking ground that gapes in sudden holes beneath your feet—
Come fearlessly across the twisting field where bones of men stick through the tortured mud.
Ghosts have no need to fear,
Look close at this man—Look!

He waits for death—
He knows—
He watches it approach—
He hears it coming—
He can feel it underneath his feet—
Death bearing down on him from every side,
Violent death, death that tears the sky to shrieking pieces,
Death that suddenly explodes out of the dreadful bowels of the earth.
He hears it screaming through the frantic air,
He hears it burrowing underneath the ground,
He feels the impact of it on his back, his chest, his legs, his belly, and his arms,

He does not move.
In all the landscape there is just one thing that does not move,
The figure of the man.

The sky long since has fallen from its dome.
Terror let loose like a gigantic wind has torn it from the ceiling of the world
And it is flapping down in frantic shreds.
The earth, ages ago, leaped screaming up; out of the fastness of its ancient laws,
There is no centre now to hold it down;
It rolls and writhes, a shifting, tortured thing, a floating mass of matter, set adrift.
And in between the flapping, suffering remnants of the sky and the convulsions of the maddened earth
The man stands solid.
Something holds him there.

What holds him, timid ghosts?
What do you say, you shuddering spirits dragged from secure vaults?
You who once died in kindly quiet rooms,
You who were companioned to the end by friends,
And closed your eyes in languor on a world
That you had fashioned for your peaceful selves?

Some of you scorned this man.
He was for you the ordinary man.
You thought him pitiable; contemptible or worse;
You gave him idols, temples, formulas of conduct, prisons, laws;
Some of you pitied him, and wept over his sins.
Some were horrified at what you called his passions, lust of women, food, drink, laughter, all such simple things.
And some of you were afraid;
Wanted to beat him down, break his spirit,
Muzzle his ideas, and bind with bands of hopelessness his energy.
None of you trusted him—
No! Not a single one of you trusted him.

UNIDENTIFIED

Look at him now. Look well—look long.
Your giant—your brute—your ordinary man—
Your fornicator, drunkard, anarchist,
Your ruthless, seed-sowing male,
Your covetous and greedy egoist,
Come close and look into his haggard face.
It is too late to do him justice now.

But look!—look at the stillness of that face
Made up of little fragile bones and flesh,
Tissued of quivering muscles, fine as silk,
Exquisite nerve endings and scarlet blood
That travels smoothly through the tender veins;
One blow—one moment more—and that man's face will be a mass of matter, horrid slime—and little brittle bits—
He knows—
He waits—
His face remains quite still.
And underneath the bullet-spattered helmet on his head his steady eyes look out.
What is it that looks out?
What is there mirrored there in those deep, bloodshot eyes?
Terror? No!
Despair? Perhaps.
But what else?
Ah, poor ghosts—poor, blind, unseeing ghosts—
It is his self you see—His self that does remember what he loved and what he wanted, and what he never had—His self that can regret, that can reproach his own self now—His self that gave its self, let loose its hold of all but just its self—
Is that then nothing, just his naked self, inviolate; pinning down a shaking world like a single nail that holds;
A single rivet driven down to hold a universe together—

Go back, poor ghosts—go back into your graves.
He has no need of you, this nameless man.
You philosophers, you scientists, you men of God, leave this man alone.

Leave him the grandeur of obscurity,
Leave in darkness the dumb anguish of his soul.
Leave him the great loss of his identity.
Let the guns chant his death-song down the world;
Let the flare of cannon light his dying;
Let those remnants of men beneath his feet welcome him
mutely when he falls beside them in the mud.
Take one last look and leave him standing there,
Unfriended—Unrecognised—Unrewarded and Unknown.

Twenty-ninth

By G. K. Congreve

A continuation of *The Bushrangers*, *E.R.* May 1917.

And slouching about among the throng
Five little soldier men wandered along.

One was a red-haired, freckled lout
With a wondering look as he gazed about.
Two were black-haired and light of bone,
And talked in a high-pitched singing tone.
And two looked like nothing under the sun,
But half-starved boys from a London slum.

And my friend turned round to me to say,
"The kind of wastrel we breed to-day!"

But a man who was loafing by snarled out
"Don't yap till you know what you're talking about!
Two miners from Wales, a farm-hand from Perth,
Two Cockneys from Whitechapel,—Pick of the earth!
When the Twenty-ninth came from the China Seas
It was all made up of fellers like these.

"And in each bit of fighting on each little Beach,
The Twenty-ninth taught all a soldier could teach.

"And neither beer, torture, nor pressman, nor strumpet,
Makes one of these soldier men blow their own trumpet!"

What is to be done with the Doctors?

By Bernard Shaw

In the English Review for October, 1916, a protest was made against the denial to wounded soldiers of any treatment except that of legally qualified operators. This would at first sight appear a very necessary measure of protection for the soldier against unskilled treatment. And if the legally qualified doctor was a completely qualified healer, nobody would question its entire propriety. Unfortunately he is not so qualified, as might be expected from the fact that we have only his own word for the completeness of his equipment and his proficiency in his art. There are now several techniques which he has not acquired and cannot afford to acquire. He is, therefore, bound to denounce them as delusive quackeries or confess his insufficiency. This would not matter if the public could always choose freely between the legally qualified doctor and the unregistered practitioner whom the legally qualified doctor calls a quack. But the public has no such freedom. We call in the unregistered practitioner at the risk of being prosecuted for criminal neglect if the patient dies, like the Peculiar People. The unregistered practitioner cannot sign a death certificate. His prescriptions are not current at the pharmacist's shop, and will not be made up there if they include scheduled drugs. He cannot call in a legally qualified consultant; at least, if he does, the legally qualified consultant will refuse to consult with a quack. He must operate without anæsthetics or administer them himself (a very limited possibility); for the qualified anæsthetists are struck off the register for "infamous professional conduct" if they chloroform the patients of unregistered practitioners. Also the panel doctor, the army

doctor, the navy doctor, the medical officer of health, the infirmary doctor: in short, the officially or collectively appointed and paid doctor must always be a legally qualified doctor.

Under such circumstances not only is the unregistered practitioner heavily handicapped in his competition with the registered, but the patient, representing the British public, is equally handicapped in his choice of a doctor. When he is a soldier, a sailor, a hospital patient, or a pauper, there is no question even of a handicap; he is flatly and forcibly cut off from all medical aid except that of the registered doctor. The publicly insured panel patient is virtually, if not legally, in the same position. The assumption is that the registered doctor or surgeon knows everything that is to be known and can do everything that is to be done. This means that the dogmas of omniscience, omnipotence, and infallibility, and something very like the theory of the apostolic succession and kingship by anointment, have recovered in medicine the grip they have lost in theology and politics.

It must not be rashly concluded that the unregistered practitioner is necessarily a despised and impoverished outcast, picking up a precarious living among the dregs of the population. On the contrary, his fees may be from eight to twenty times as high as those of most registered doctors, his practice a West End practice, and the rent of his consulting-rooms in excess of the entire income of many an L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., because the supply of technically qualified but unregistered practitioners is very much smaller relatively to the demand than that of registered ones. Besides, the unregistered man must deliver the goods; he cannot live by the faith of his patients in a string of letters after his name. Nobody will dream of calling him in unless he is believed to have some special technical accomplishment or some knowledge of drugs that the registered doctor does not possess. People send for the registered doctor because they do not consider it decent to be ill without one, and indeed because they may get into trouble if they neglect to secure his aid for children and others in their charge; and they regard his arrival as a solemnity akin to that of death, to which it is so often a prelude. But they go to an unregistered practitioner solely in the hope of being

cured; and unless they get well in his hands they drop him, and his practice collapses. The President of the Royal College of Surgeons may "attend" cripples, but Mr. Barker must enable them to take up their beds and walk.

The number of practitioners who can comply with these conditions is not large; and their services are consequently not cheap. It may be said roughly that only people who are rich enough to do what they like, and their servants and *protégées*, can obtain the benefit of any serious technique that is outside the routine of legal qualification. Thus the wounded soldier may stumble through his whole life on crutches just because the legally qualified surgeon does not know how to reduce certain dislocations, or any of us may succumb slowly to the living death of creeping paralysis because the most eminent spine specialists on the register have not acquired the knack of straightening a ricked spine as some bonesetters do without knowing more of anatomy or physiology than a farm labourer can learn through the tips of his fingers.

The modern unregistered bonesetter, who makes the lame man leap as a hart, may be a learned anatomist far removed from the rough and ready village empiric who puts in a slipped shoulder for you in the hunting-field. He has captivated the public imagination because it delights in miracles and miracle-workers; and the feats of a born bonesetter like Mr. Barker look very like the traditional miracles of the saints. But most of the new techniques, including those which the General Medical Council most fanatically excommunicates, have been discovered within the legalised profession itself. Hahnemann, the founder of homœopathy, was a duly hall-marked M.D.; Ling, the founder of the modern Swedish system of physical therapeutics, had not only all the medical and surgical degrees, but a divinity degree as well, and he was a member of the Swedish Medical Council. Colonel Sir Almroth Wright, who discovered the functions of opsonins in phagocytosis, and whose invention of the technique of inoculation rescued vaccine therapy, in theory if not in practice, from the farmyard crudities of Jesty and Jenner, and the disastrous empiricism of Koch, is, as all the world knows, as over-

laden with diplomas, degrees, gold medals, and prizes as his opponent, Colonel Sir William Watson Cheyne, or Dr. Hadwen, the leader of the Anti-Vaccinationists. If academic professional qualifications could secure infallibility, these three gentlemen would need nothing but unanimity to rank them with the Trinity. Unfortunately they have expressed their opinion of one another in print in terms which I dare not apply to the humblest herbalist. Andrew Taylor Still, the founder of osteopathy, is a qualified physician. Crichton Miller, the fashionable psycho-therapist of to-day, is within the pale. In short, all the so-called quackeries which have established any serious claim to consideration, with one notable exception, have precisely the same credentials as the canon of the British Medical Council. That exception is the Church of Christ Scientist, which may claim that anyone questioning its divine authority can be prosecuted for blasphemy, though anyone acting on it may be prosecuted for manslaughter.

I will therefore ask the reader to clear his mind of the notion that the State-established systems of therapeutics have any greater or other scientific or academic authority than the Nonconformist ones. But he must not instantly rush to the conclusion that every man who calls himself a homœopath, or a bonesetter, or a serum therapist, or a medical gymnast, or a masseur, or an osteopath, or a psycho-analyst is necessarily as highly qualified as any M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., or even L.S.A. These letters, it is true, do not give the public any guarantee that the person to whose name they are affixed is an efficient healer, or even that he is not the victim of sedulously inculcated errors of the most dangerous sort, besides having anti-hygienic commercial interests which make him, economically speaking, an enemy of mankind. What they do guarantee is that he has had a minimum of liberal education; that he has had some clinical practice; that he has been coached in the main facts of anatomy and physiology; and that the awkwardness with which a novice performs minor operations and obstetric deliveries has been worn off, under skilled supervision, on the bodies of the poor. And such guarantees have obviously a very high value to us when our lives or those of our children may depend on whether they are in the hands of an ignoramus or an instructed

person. It is true that the village doctor may be beaten by a dislocation that the village bonesetter can correct literally in a brace of shakes. He may fail even to diagnose a lesion which the bonesetter will spot at once. But the village bonesetter may have the strangest notions as to his patient's inside, and, when the case is outside his experience, may allege imaginary bones and organs and do fantastic mischief. The qualified practitioner often enough makes ghastly or ridiculous mistakes; and his very knowledge may lead him to argue himself into errors from which unqualified men are protected by their ignorance, antiseptic surgery being a crying instance. But when all is said that can be said against the registered practitioner, we risk the imperfection of his knowledge rather than the darkness of an uncertified rival's ignorance. In the same way, the penn'orth of Greek which enables the curate to obtain ordination on the report of the bishop's chaplain may not constitute him a Plato; but as far as it goes, it raises presumptions in his favor as against total illiteracy.

It follows that when a discovery is made in therapeutics the discoverer will always begin by trying to induce the medical profession to adopt it. He has everything to gain and nothing to lose by succeeding. Sometimes, as in the case of Jenner, he succeeds with startling suddenness and completeness, and even gets £20,000 from Parliament into the bargain. Sometimes, as in the case of Hahnemann, the profession turns on him with fury, and drives him out of the town, compelling him finally to set up a new therapeutic sect. Sometimes, as in the case of Sir Almroth Wright, the profession is overawed by his authority and dares not openly denounce him or attempt to banish him, but is enabled to evade the consequences of his discovery by popular ignorance of its nature, all the doctors giving it loud mouth honour, and leaving the public to infer that they have adopted it, whilst really continuing their old procedure or no-procedure unchanged. And we have the converse of this when a practice repudiated by the profession is nevertheless adopted slyly by those of its members who are converted to it but dare not say so. Side by side with the inoculator who sticks to the barbarous procedure of Jenner and Koch whilst professing the technique of Almroth Wright, we have the drug prescriber who fills his

patients with the pillules and millionfold dilutions of Hahnemann as the latest form of the drenches and doses of Galen, not to mention the doctor who takes his crippled wife to the famous bonesetter to be cured, and, when the cure is effected, dares not testify to it even as a simple fact when the professional character of the bonesetter is controversially assailed.

The contrast between the fortunes of Hahnemann and Jenner invites inquiry, because at first sight it would seem that Hahnemann's apparently harmless observation that though a dose of cinchona would produce headache and fever in a healthy man it would cure one already suffering from those symptoms, and the elaboration of this observation by persistent experiment into a rule that different doses of the same drug produce opposite effects, thus making poison its own antidote, was nothing that the doctors need have quarrelled about. As to some six or seven drugs in the authorized Materia Medica, there is no dispute about the facts: they do admittedly act in this way. On the other hand, Jenner's innovation, a revolting practice picked up from a farmer named Jesty, seems one which would naturally be repudiated with disgust, both from its unpleasantness and its illiterate lay origin. Yet, as we have seen, Hahnemann was hounded into exile (in which, however, he was very prosperous); whilst the profession jumped eagerly at Jenner, whose fame is still so cherished by medical tradition that Sir Almroth Wright, in the very act of reducing Jenner scientifically to the rank of the crassest of empirics, called his new preparations vaccines, though the only cow they are concerned with is the cow that jumped over the moon.

We have not to go very far for the explanation. Hahnemann's discovery threatened a professional trade interest: Jenner's created one. It was the apothecaries who ostracized Hahnemann. When we remember that, long after Hahnemann's time, the Iron Duke of Wellington, when he felt the hand of death descending on him at last, said, not "Send for Sir William So-and-so," but "Send for the apothecary," it will be understood that the doctors whom Hahnemann confronted *were* apothecaries. They lived by selling drugs at stupendous prices (bills of £10

a week for drugs in an illness are on record); and the drugs were paid for and believed in according to their bulk and the offensiveness of their flavor. When Hahnemann proposed to substitute drops for tablespoonfuls and pillules for pills, both almost tasteless, the apothecaries saw ruin staring them in the face. They were wrong, as was proved towards the end of last century by Count Mattei, who put up tiny tubes of colorless fluid (possibly genuine homœopathic infinitesimals) labelled as "electricities," and sold them at higher prices than the largest jorums of chalk and opium could command; but in Hahnemann's day Mattei was still in the womb of time. Hahnemann was hounded out of his first practice not as the discoverer of homœopathy, but as the destroyer of apothecaries' profits.

Jenner, on the other hand, succeeded, not as the plagiarist of Jesty's rough-and-ready way with his farm-servants and his family, but as the popularizer of a means by which doctors could make money out of people who were quite well, and who, before his time, might have passed their whole lives without paying a farthing to a doctor. Such a discovery was irresistible. If its effects had been ten times worse than they were, it would have carried everything before it in the profession. It did no great apparent harm; for even when the population had increased beyond thirty millions, and the operation was ruthlessly enforced, it only killed one baby a week so undeniably and undisguisably that even the doctors could find no other name for the cause of death; and if the great epidemic of 1871 had not shattered its main pretension, or if it had not gone so horribly wrong when it did go wrong, it might have been as little challenged as baptism. When the manufacture and supply of lymph began to take root as a commercial interest outside the profession (except in so far as doctors took shares), capital began to work the oracle, and it was suddenly discovered that the established method of using second-hand lymph by vaccinating from arm to arm was a dangerous and deadly practice. Since then every vaccination involves a fresh expenditure for lymph. What is called scientific progressive medicine is thus seen to be largely dictated by the hygiene of the pocket. It may be none the worse for that; but Sir Isaac Newton would have insisted on a certain distinction.

Sir Almroth Wright's hushed-up failure to convert the profession to his technique of the opsonic index has the same economic root. That technique is essentially a very delicate form of diagnosis; and the art of diagnosis has now gone far beyond the private means and public resources of the general practitioners whose incomes are at stake, and who, to feed their families, must perforce stake our lives on their incomes. The ordinary process of diagnosis consists of a mildly obscene conversation between doctor and patient, in the course of which the doctor feels and counts the patient's pulse; looks at his tongue; sounds him with a stethoscope; takes his temperature with a clinical thermometer; and even, if he is a young and ardent modernist, tests his reflexes. He then makes a guess; writes a prescription; and administers a little agreeable conversation, in the course of which, having ascertained whether the patient regards fresh air as the elixir of life or as a poison to be warded off by every practical method of exclusion, he advises him to sleep in the garden or in a heated and sealed apartment, as the case may be, and leaves him to his fate until the next visit. If matters become serious, he may go so far as to have a sample of the patient's secretions, and perhaps of his domestic water supply, sent to a laboratory with a few shillings; and the laboratory, after doubtless making as much of an analysis as the shillings will run to, makes a report. The report, by dwelling on "organic matter," may make a job for the plumber, or by mentioning albumen may convince the doctor that it is his duty to warn the patient quite unnecessarily that his days are numbered. All this is better than nothing; but it is far too loose and vague to be scientific; and as to the final diagnosis: that is, the word which is to define the pathological condition of the patient, it is often a word which has never itself been defined with anything like scientific exactitude. Sometimes it is simply a Greekish cloak for British ignorance. In Ireland the question "What did he die of?" is sometimes answered by the formula "Shortness of breath." This mockery has more than once produced a fight. But when the doctor says "Dyspnœa," which means exactly the same thing, we are profoundly impressed by his knowledge of the secrets of life and death.

Now if this were the best that can be done, we might accept it with gratitude. But it falls far short of the possibilities of modern diagnosis. An eminent public man in Ireland some years ago had reason to be dissatisfied with his digestion. On taking first-rate medical advice in London he was informed that he was suffering from a deficiency of hydrochloric acid, and naïvely advised to put matters right by drinking hydrochloric lemonade at his meals. This he did, and found that the hydrochloric lemonade (a beverage which really exists, fabulous as it sounds) was very nasty, and that his digestion got worse. He then went to America, where he discovered Battle Creek. Battle Creek is the site of a sanatorium with a very elaborate anthropolytical laboratory in which the patients' ills are diagnosed. They eat test meals and have their secretions and excretions analysed; they swallow masses of bismuth and are X-rayed; their opsonic indices are ascertained; and they are not delivered to the doctor until their condition has been ascertained by physical and chemical tests to the utmost modern limit of investigation.

On the Irish publicist being put through all these processes it was discovered that he was suffering from a marked excess of hydrochloric acid. His London advisers would no doubt have said, "Oh, indeed; then take bicarbonate of soda instead of hydrochloric lemonade, thus correcting the acid by the alkali." I do not know what they said at Battle Creek; but the case called Sir Horace Plunkett's attention to the inadequacy of the primitive methods of diagnosis prevalent in English general practice; and he, calling the attention of the public to it in turn, had his criticism described as "an attack on the medical profession"; for the British medicine man is primitive in other things besides diagnosis, and takes any utterance that implies the smallest doubt of his omniscience, infallibility, and finality as a personal insult, like a minor poet reading his first review. Sir Horace Plunkett pointed out that the ordinary private surgery or consulting-room could no more produce a complete modern diagnosis than a tinker's budget can produce a ten-inch gun, and that laboratories and sanatoria of the Battle Creek sort should be accessible everywhere. As far as I know, the result has been the establishment of one such institution in Great

Britain; and that is in Aberdeenshire, a spot chosen as the most remote from Harley Street practically available for the purpose.

Now it is evident that however true Sir Horace's contention may be, the medical profession, as at present syndicalized, cannot admit it, nor even refrain from angrily and contemptuously denouncing it, without confessing that the solemn consultations and visits of private practice are, scientifically speaking, gropings in the dark, and that, skilful as some doctors may become by clinical practice and natural aptitude, they are only artists, diviners, and practitioners like Paracelsus, and not men of science. They cannot be expected to say, "Go to Battle Creek or Aberdeen, leaving us to starve." When the patient hints uneasily that he has been reading a paper by Sir Horace Plunkett, it is mere self-preservation to assure him that Sir Horace, being a layman, cannot possibly know anything about it, and that only last week a patient who went to Battle Creek died, leaving the terrified patient to infer that patients treated in Harley Street are immortal. Better one patient die deluded than a whole profession perish. Besides, the deluded patient does not always die. The doctor who always kills is as unsubstantial a figment of the popular imagination as the doctor who always cures. In most cases Nature does the trick: the doctor only takes round the hat.

But even when a new technique needs no publicly instituted laboratories, and can be practised by private practitioners in their own surgeries and consulting-rooms and on domestic visits, the young men who have learnt the technique are opposed and denounced by the old ones who have learnt only that which it has superseded, and who cannot return to school to requalify themselves. This sort of schism is chronic in the profession, but occasionally it reaches a crisis; and here again Sir Almroth Wright's analytic power, literary dexterity, and ingenuity in devising technical methods have brought him into conflict with his own generation by unintentionally confirming the guesses and instinctive protests of the unqualified sentimental amateurs who have all through opposed Lister and Lis-

terism, Pasteur and Pasteurism, as godless and cruel; by explaining the success of certain famous operators who steadily and contemptuously refused to use anything but common pipe-water for cleansing; and by making it clear that the improvements claimed for Lister's antiseptic methods were really due to the incidental reform in the personal habits of the old doctors who operated in filthy old coats, and provided themselves with a third hand at a pinch by holding their instruments in their mouths as a dressmaker holds pins.

After half a century of assertions as to the marvellous efficacy of antiseptic surgery, Sir Almroth has now explained to us that antiseptic surgery is not only impossible, but that the procedure based on it is an active source of auto-infection and a powerful hindrance to healing. We now know why sinuses, which healed in a fortnight in the hands of the dirty old doctors, suppurated for months, and were, in fact, incurable when they were plugged daily with iodoform guaranteed to slay every microbe within reach of it. This war has carried Sir Almroth to his greatest triumph: the invention of the salt and water treatment which has swept away the antiseptic treatment by its irresistible success. It is true that Listerian antisepsis for the surgical operations of civil life had broken down almost at the outset and been largely supplanted by asepsis in the hands of the pipe-water operators. But battle wounds are all infected wounds, virulently septic as a matter of course; and it was to these that Wright's revolution applied.

I ask the reader whose memory, like mine, embraces the fifty years' vogue of the antiseptic system, to pause for a moment and contemplate with awe the mountain of plain, earnest, high-minded, indignant lying that has kept the Listerian romance in credit during that deluded period. I can recall no more stupendous instance, even in politics, of the part that sheer mendacity plays in the formation of public opinion in our times.

I warmly recommend to those who love a good polemic the controversy lately concluded on the subject between Colonel Sir William Watson Cheyne and Colonel Sir Almroth Wright. Sir William stands at bay in the third-

line trench of Antisepticism, and tries to defend that last ditch against his victorious and contemptuous antagonist. He admits that the sterilization of wounds by antiseptics is impossible if you let the wound get a day ahead of you, but still maintains that you can sterilize it by first intention, as it were, if you can shove in the germicide soon enough after the bayonet. But Sir Almroth will not have antiseptic surgery at any price. His intellectual scorn for his opponent gives a stimulating vituperativeness to his part of the debate which makes it highly entertaining, if somewhat cruel, reading. It was Lessing who, according to Heine, not only cut off his adversary's head, but held it up to shew that there were no brains in it. Sir Almroth, knowing that this is an anatomical impossibility, puts Sir William Watson Cheyne's brains on his operating-table, and shews that Sir William has never learnt how to use them—never squarely faced even such vital questions as, "What is the exact weight of a little piece of cheese?" He shews that Sir William has no conception of scientific method, and that though he has no standards of quantity or of anything else, he yet makes statements that have no ascertainable meaning except with reference to fixed standards, falling short even of the clergyman who, when reading the lessons, informs the congregation that an omer is the tenth part of an ephah. Indeed, Sir Almroth often loses sight of the controversy in hand in his preoccupation with the defects of Sir Watson's ratiocination; for Sir Almroth has such a devouring interest in and curiosity about the pathology of controversial cerebration, and takes such a delight in playing with it, that if Sir William challenges him to a duel (and the controversy at one moment reached a crisis at which no other reply seemed possible) he will write a most interesting pamphlet on the *rationale* of duelling, ending with an ingenious new technique of fencing, before he takes the field. I have in my own manner, timidly as becomes a layman, hinted more than once that the notion that a medical or surgical degree implies qualification in modern science could not exist if the nation understood either science or conventional surgery and medicine; but never would I dare to handle a medical baronet, a Hunterian professor, a medalled, in despatches-mentioned consultant to the Forces, a M.B., C.M., C.B.,

F.R.C.S., F.R.S., LL.D., and S.Sc. (Oxon), as Sir Almroth handles him. I shall not be believed unless I give a sample. Here is a typical one:—

CHEYNE. Another point, which I confess had not occurred to me until I came across it in the course of my experiments, is also of importance: viz., that the antiseptic is used up in killing bacteria.

WRIGHT. We have here a generalization which ranks in the order of obviousness with the adage that you cannot both eat your cake and have it, and with the scientific platitude that you cannot carry out a chemical operation without expending chemicals.

CHEYNE. The difficulty of obtaining a proper depth of agar has been overcome in a very ingenious manner by taking a metal ring, placing it on a sheet of glass, and superimposing on it another similar sheet; and though when two men work together it is not usual to refer to any one man's share in particular, still I think I ought to say that it was devised by Mr. Edmunds; and I shall speak of it as Mr. Edmunds's cell.

WRIGHT. Some day we shall be told that the difficulty of carrying sugar into one's tea has been overcome in a very ingenious manner by the device of sugar-tongs; and that, in connection with it, this or that re-inventor's name ought to go down to posterity.

CHEYNE. Lister observed the very curious phenomenon that if blood were drawn aseptically into a glass flask sterilized by heating, the clot which formed did not contract and squeeze out serum, as is the case when blood is received into an ordinary non-sterilized glass vessel. I fancy bacteriologists are not familiar with this fact.

WRIGHT. Everyone who has drawn blood into a sterile syringe, and, of course, every laboratory worker, knows that this is fiction. Let us tell Sir Watson Cheyne that the method of serum therapy, and indeed the whole serum industry, depends upon the fact that blood, when drawn into a vessel sterilized by heating, *does* contract and squeeze out serum. [*Here Sir William may be conceived as dropping senseless. His colleague proceeds.*] So far, my task of criticism has been simple as child's play. For we have up to this remained entirely in the domain of the particular and the concrete, referring our author's utterances to the touchstone of fact. Let us now, rising to a more abstract and general point of view, deal with those three intellectual requisites of a scientific worker in which Sir Watson Cheyne comes, as it appears to me, hopelessly short. [*Sir Almroth proceeds to demonstrate that Sir William exhibits all the characteristic symptoms of scientific imbecility, including the substitution of adjectives and adverbs for numerals, and describes his apparently learned remarks on hypochlorites as patter.*]

Sir William Watson Cheyne's opinion of Sir Almroth Wright's scientific competence will never be known to us in its fulness, because he withdrew from the controversy on the ground that it had entered the region of the unprintable. Only lack of space prevents me from adding Dr. Hadwen's opinion of both of them, Dr. Hadwen representing as a thinker the chronic indignation of humanitarian common sense at the attempt of his profession to exempt the pursuit of cures from the restraint of the moral law, and as a practitioner that clinical common sense which keeps the nose of the theorist hard down on the grindstone

of practice. Cheyne merely challenges Wright's practice as to wounds; Wright retorts that Cheyne cannot use his mind; but Hadwen execrates most of his colleagues as liars and inhuman scoundrels as well as bedside bunglers. Here we have no vulgar attack by our Dulcamaras, our Sequahs, our Mother Seigels, our Count Matteis, on a dignified and learned profession. We have the most highly qualified members of that profession throwing their gold medals at one another's heads; clubbing one another with their professorial chairs; strangling one another in their pigtails of capital letters; and denying one another's clinical efficiency, mental competence, and moral rectitude.

Fortunately, nothing is more false than the proverb that when doctors differ patients die. On the contrary, when doctors differ wounded soldiers get well, and even general practitioners are forced to think instead of to dogmatize and pontificate. When doctors agree we are face to face with a conspiracy of pretentious ignorance with that sordid side of trade unionism which is forced by common need to struggle for its livelihood even to the point of saying, "Thou shalt die ere I starve." As long as we are fools enough to make healing and hygiene a matter of commerce, and give joint stock companies powerful vested interests in blood poisoning (note the passage about "the whole serum industry" in my last quotation above from Sir Almroth Wright), we shall get the worst of that alternative; and serve us right! When it comes to American States having to pass laws making it illegal for general practitioners to take commissions from the operating surgeons called in on their own suggestion, it is time to inquire whether Colorado produces a special type of human nature, and, if not, whether the same abuse, in less crude forms, may not help to boil our own pots in Harley Street.

(To be continued.)

The Skin Painter

(*From the Japanese*)

By Yone Noguchi

The thoughtful eyes of Seikichi, a young tattooer whose skill—quite equal, people said, to that of any master of the needle—had been tried on many human skins as canvas for his painting-brush, now passing in front of the Hirasei, a restaurant in Fukagawa, suddenly brightened up when they caught a glimpse of a snow-white female foot, slightly reddened by the glow of a summer evening, peeping out from under the blind of a palanquin waiting at the gate; the delicate symmetry of those five toes, the colouring of the nails not inferior to that of shells on the beach of Enoshima, the lustrous richness of the skin as if washed by a crystal water running through the rocks, and that pearl-round little heel, impressed Seikichi's sensitive mind as a perfect jewel of flesh. To be sure, he could read in this foot a complicated expression as in a human face. For five long years his mind, extremely fastidious about woman, not satisfied with the mere fact of her beautiful face and smooth skin, had been hunting, but in vain, through the gay quarters of the city for his ideal woman to realise his own artistic feeling; and now, being almost carried away by his joy in seeing at least the foot of his quest, he followed after the palanquin in the hope that its owner might expose her full face. He lost sight of the palanquin, however, within the distance of two or three streets.

Without a knowledge of the time—in which this story is laid—a time in which the barbarism or virtue of foolishness was still blessed, and life's struggle far less severe than to-day; a time when the peaceful faces of lords or rich young "bloods" were not clouded with thought, and the seeds of talk of palace-girls or courtesans were never

exhausted; a time when the professions of buffoons or even rogues were thought quite legitimate; again, a time when on the stage or in the stories all the beautiful persons were strong and all the weak ones ugly, you would hardly understand how people were pleased to make brilliant colours and lines dance on their own skins, with the pigments pricked into their bodies (what foolish savage people!) they attempted to beautify themselves. A splendidly tattooed palanquin-bearer was chosen by those who hurried to the nightless city of love and wine; the professional beauties of Yoshiwara or Tatsumi, it will be believed, would gladly fall in love with a handsome youth of tattooed skin. Merchants, and sometimes even samurais, not to speak of gamblers and firemen, had their bodies illustrated; in a tattoo exhibition often held at Ryogoku people stripped themselves offhand and vied with each other in their own designs. Oh, what a rotten, fantastic, happy, and simple day!

There were in the city quite a number of skilful tattooers—for instance, Daruma Kin, proud of the art of shading, or Karakusa Gonta, who was called a master-hand for the vermilion tattooing—but none surpassed Seikichi in originality of design and beauty of colouring, which betrayed, although he had degenerated now into a mere tattooer, his artistic, sensitive conscience mustered in the days when he earned his living as an Ukiyoye artist of the Toyokuni school. And only those who were born with a skin and physique splendid enough to call his attention could tempt his fingers to touch their bodies. Even supposing one had the good fortune to obtain his service, he had yet not only to leave the matter of design and cost to the artist's jurisdiction, but also had to endure the almost intolerable pain of needles for sometimes a month or two. This young tattooer, Seikichi, had a cherished desire or enjoyment of his heart unknown to the others. On being pricked by his needles most people would groan, feeling a severe pain of the flesh swollen with blood, but the louder the groans of the fellows, the deeper, as Seikichi experienced strangely, was his delight. Among the methods of tattooing he particularly loved the execution in vermilion and shading, which was considered the most painful. It was a usual case that one would lie prostrate

at Seikichi's feet almost dead, being unable to move for some time, when, after being pricked with five or six hundred needles in a day, he had taken a hot bath to make the colour heighten more brightly. But looking on this miserable state coldly, the artist would say from his delightful feeling:

"You must feel pretty painful!"

When a spiritless man would cry as though suffering the agonies of death, with his mouth distorted, with his teeth clinched, Seikichi would say:

"Aren't you a Yedo-ko? Be brave—and be prepared to know that the needles of this Seikichi are extraordinarily sharp."

Then he would proceed with his tattooing unconcernedly, only casting a side-glance once or twice at the subject's tearful face.

But when a man of great fortitude mustered up courage and endured the pain, not even knitting his brows, Seikichi would say:

"H'm! You are a more stiff-necked man than you look! But you will see, you are pretty soon coming to ache, and your obstinacy will have to give way."

One morning in the late spring, almost five years after he had seen the beautiful female foot in front of the restaurant Hirasei (his longing to see its possessor being grown into a passionate love), at his home in Sagacho Street, Fukagawa, Seikichi was gazing on some pots of plants set on the bamboo verandah, when from the garden-gate a girl unknown to him made her appearance. She was a messenger from a geisha of his intimacy at Tatsumi. The girl now brought out from a yellow cloth-wrapper a haori overcoat enveloped in a folding paper-case beautiful with a picture of the actor Tojaku, together with a letter addressed to Seikichi, and the girl said:

"My sister asks you to paint something on the lining of this coat."

The letter, after repeating the request concerning the coat, mentioned the girl, saying that she would begin at no distant date her own career professionally as a younger sister of the sender, and also that the girl would be glad to be patronised by Seikichi.

"So you have only lately come to Tatsumi, have you? Naturally, I have never seen you before."

Seikichi, who spoke thus, began to stare at the girl more critically; she was, as she appeared, only about sixteen years of age, but, strange to say, she already possessed all the ghastly features of a professional middle-aged woman who, living many years in a pleasure quarter, had played mercilessly with scores of men. Her beauty was such, in truth, as might have been born out of many dreams dreamt by handsome men and women who, for many and many years past, had lived and died in the capital, wherein the crimes and wealth of all the provinces had been streaming. Seikichi made her sit down on the edge of the verandah, and when he had minutely observed her delicate naked feet he appeared as if awakened suddenly from a dream, and exclaimed:

"You remember, do you not, that you left the Hirasei by a palanquin many years ago? That was in the month of June."

"Oh, yes. I often went to that restaurant in those days when my father was still alive," smilingly she answered to his strange question.

"It is you whom I have been waiting for these long five years. This is the first time that I have seen your face, but your foot I remember well. I have something I want to show you; please come upstairs."

Seikichi seized the hand of the girl, who was about to take her leave, and led her upstairs into a compartment commanding a view of the Okawa River. Then he brought out two large roll-pictures, and spread one of them before her face.

It was a picture of Mohsi, the beloved mistress of King Chon, an ancient tyrant. It showed her body, too frail for the weight of a gold crown set with jade and coral, thrown languidly against the hand-rail, her silken skirts fallen down the steps; Mohsi held up a large cup of wine to drink while looking at a man (one of her victims) about to be executed in the courtyard, who, his limbs being fastened to copper pillars by iron chains, dropped his head before the King's mistress, and shut his eyes and waited for the final doom.

"Your very soul is reflected in this picture," said

Seikichi, smiling happily, and looked fixedly into her face.

"Why do you show me such a terrible thing?" the girl asked, raising her pale forehead.

"The woman in this picture is nobody but yourself. Her blood must be running in your veins," said he, while unrolling the other picture.

This was entitled "Night-soil." In the centre of the canvas was a young woman standing by the trunk of a cherry-tree and gazing at the corpses of numbers of men who had fallen dead at her dainty feet; about her flew a flock of little birds, singing triumphantly; from her eyes flowed irresistible joy and pride. Is this a scene of the ruin after a battle?—or that of a garden in spring? The girl to whom this picture was shown looked as if feeling that she sounded in herself at least something hidden in her inner heart.

"This illustrates your future. The men lying about here are all to sacrifice their lives for your sake," said Seikichi, pointing at the woman in the picture, who was almost identical with the girl.

"Please, put away this picture quickly!"

She laid herself on the matting, face downward, turning away from the picture as if wishing to avoid something of dreadful temptation. But soon again her trembling lips parted, saying:

"As you imagined, let me confess, I have such a disposition as that of the woman in the picture. Please do not make me suffer any more, and put the picture away!"

"Don't speak such cowardly words! Look at the picture more carefully. You will soon cease, I am sure, to be afraid of it," said Seikichi. His usual ill-natured smile floated on his face.

But the girl did not raise her head readily; and remaining as before, her face buried in her sleeves, she said:

"Please allow me to return home. I feel dreadful to sit by you."

She repeated this entreaty again and again.

"Oh, no, stay longer! I will make a splendid woman of you."

Thus Seikichi said, and artfully drew close to the girl.

In his bosom he had concealed a phial of anæsthetic which had been given him by a certain Dutch physician. . . .

The sun shone brightly on the water; the eight-mat compartment looked as if blazing. The reflected lights from the face of the river trembled, drawing golden waves on the girl unconsciously sleeping and on the papers of the Shoji doors. Seikichi, with the instruments of tattooing in his hand, shut up in the room, might have been seen sitting for a while absent-minded, since for the first time he was to appreciate the charming features of this girl; he thought that he would never tire of sitting for ten years, or even for a hundred years, in this room with this fascinating, unmoving face. He was now going to beautify the pure human skin with the very colour of his love and life.

He laid presently the point of a painting-brush, held between the little finger and ring-finger of his left hand, on the girl's back, and proceeded to prick the pigment with needles in his right hand; the young tattooer's soul, dissolving in the pigment, soaked into the skin; and the drops of the Loochoo vermilion mixed in spirits were those, so to speak, of his own blood. He saw the colour of his soul there.

The high noon soon passed, the peaceful spring day was drawing gradually dark, yet Seikichi did not rest nor was the girl's sleep broken. The man whom her people sent to the tattooer in search of her had been driven away by words that she had returned long before. The moon now hung above the mansion of the Lord of Tosa, on the opposite bank, and the dreamy light began to stream into every house by the river; but the tattooing was hardly half-finished. Seikichi busily trimmed the candles.

It was never light work for him even to inject a single drop of pigment; he felt, each time he thrust in or drew out a needle, a deep, heaving sigh as if his heart were being stabbed. A gigantic spider was seen gradually taking shape. When the night began to wane whiter this mysterious, diabolic creature, pushing out eight long claws, crouched upon the girl's shapely back.

The spring night now clearly dawned, with the voice of sculls of the river-boats; from the haze, growing

thinner above the tops of the white sails distended with the morning breeze, the tiles of the houses at Nakazu, Hakozaki, and Reiganjima began to gleam when Seikichi, now putting down his brush, gazed at the spider tattooed on the girl's skin. This tattoo was all his life; when his work was done, his exhausted mind became a hollow.

Neither the tattooer nor the girl stirred at all for some while; then a low but harsh, grating voice echoed through the four walls, saying:

"To make you a really beautiful woman I put my own soul into this tattoo. In all Japan there will be no woman to compete with yourself. You are now free from a timid soul, and all men are to become your night-soil."

Whether the girl's ears caught these words or not, a groan, little as a thread, came to her lips; she seemed by degrees to recover her senses. As she moved her shoulders through heavy breathing the claws of the tattooed spider were seen wriggling and writhing as if living.

"You are hugged by a spider. You should be in pain."

The girl opened at these words her senseless eyes, but her pupils, as if an evening moon, increased gradually, their brightness facing Seikichi's face. She said dreamily, but with a strong power somewhere in her tone:

"Let me see the picture quickly! How beautiful I must have become, since you have given me your life."

"But you have now to go to the bath-room to improve the colour. Endure yet a little, though painful," Seikichi whispered in her ear kindly.

"I will endure any pain to become beautiful."

The girl smiled forcedly, controlling the pain of the body.

"Oh, how the hot water cuts the skin! . . . Leave me alone, for Heaven's sake! Go upstairs; wait for me there! I hate to be seen by a man in such misery!"

Not yet wiping her body, thrusting away Seikichi's helping hands, the girl threw herself down at once on the planks of the bath-room and groaned as if with a night-mare. Her crazy-looking hair was confused pitifully on her cheeks. A looking-glass stood behind her; there were reflected the two little soles of her snow-white feet.

Though surprised at the girl's attitude, so different

from her timidity of the day before, Seikichi, as she wished, went upstairs and waited for her. After about half an hour the girl ascended to him, her toilet made, the black, washed hair flowing over her shoulders. She looked up, leaning on the railing, at the hazy large sky, stretching her clear eyebrows, where no shadow of pain remained.

"This picture, too, I will give you. You can go home with it."

Saying thus, Seikichi placed before her one of the scrolls.

"I have thrown off my former timidity. I see you have paid, the first of all, your own share in becoming my night-soil."

The girl brightened up her pupils like swords; there in her pupils were seen reflected the canvas of the picture called "Night-soil." In her ears resounded the songs of triumph.

"Let me see the tattoo once again before you go," asked Seikichi.

The young girl nodded in silence and stripped her back. The morning sun shone just then on the picture; her back glittered brilliantly.

Mexico*

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

MRS. TWEEDIE has repeatedly tried, with the greatest of courage, to draw attention to Mexico. She sees in the late President, Don Porfirio Diaz, perhaps a little more than there was to see. After all, that is a generous way of looking at a public man, and a way that might be followed with advantage in this country. Don Porfirio Diaz undoubtedly did much for Mexico. He put down brigandage, he raised the credit of the country as a whole. He invited foreign capital, even if he did not keep a tight enough hand on the foreign capitalist. During his reign (for he was virtually Emperor of Mexico) the country prospered, but the prosperity only touched the people on the material side—that is, if it touched them at all, for wages were low, and the system known as "peonage," which is nothing but an exaggeration of the truck system as we know it here, was rampant.

Diaz, active and energetic though he was, was not far-seeing, and, unluckily, neglected education almost entirely, with the result that the Mexican of to-day is plunged in ignorance, and presents the best of all material for the revolutionist to work upon. A people naturally brave and hardy, friendly in social intercourse, extremely quick to learn, and with a natural aptitude for assimilating culture, only wants a settled Government to make a figure in America.

Naturally, this applies exclusively to those of white or of mixed blood. The native Indian, hard-working, slow, and downtrodden, has remained, as a whole, but little touched by Governments, good, bad, indifferent, of the various Presidents; by Diaz, Madero, or by Huerta; and if Carranza can make good, one of his difficulties will be to make intelligent citizens out of the masses of the Indians,

* Mrs. Alec Tweedie. (London: Hutchinson and Co., 1917.)

who, in certain States, form the majority. Mrs. Tweedie deserves great credit for the lucidity with which she takes her reader through the labyrinth of Mexican politics during the past ten years.

Orozco, Reyes, Madero, Zapata, Villa, and the rest stand out as entities in her pages, instead of being mere shadowy revolutionary chiefs, half butcher and half bandit, as they have appeared seen through the medium of the Press of the United States. One thing is clear, that Diaz was an "honest Injun." His limited horizon and his belief that security of invested foreign capital was the desideratum of a ruler was the error of a half-educated man who had passed all his youth in camps. When he left power and Mexico, he went away without a cent. That is the real test of every ruler. If he makes money he must be a rogue, for he has made it out of the nation's funds. If he dies poor, it is possible he may have been a fool; but on his tombstone that fact should be inscribed in gold. Mrs. Tweedie says with truth that possibly Diaz was lacking in imagination. By that lack fell the angels, and they are falling every day as fast as meteors fall at certain seasons in the skies. The chief thing lacking in Mrs. Tweedie's book is, as I see things, that she fails to point out clearly how much our future will be bound up when the war is over, not with Mexico alone, but with all Latin America. Hitherto no countries in the world have been so little known as the Republics of the south and centre of that continent.

How often does one hear the phrase, "a little half-caste State," applied to countries vast in extent, in which the educated class is quite the equal of any similar class throughout the world, and as regards social amenity superior to that of any European State outside of Italy.

If Mrs. Tweedie can direct public attention towards Mexico she will have done her country a great service, for the time is past when Britain safely can neglect any man's friendship. Mexico is rich, as she points out, in almost every mineral, in all the products of the Tropics, in oil, in coal; whilst in the north her cattle-raising lands are boundless, and under decent government would teem with the best cattle in the world. Just before Diaz died, the herd of General Terrazas, in Chihuahua, numbered a million

head. There was yet room both in that State and in the adjoining territories for many millions more.

Oil, as Mrs. Tweedie properly points out, has been exploited to a large extent by the various companies which owe allegiance to Lord Cowdray. The oil is there, and will remain, but General Carranza most properly has set it forth that the days of profiteering and of monopolies are gone. He invites foreign capital, but upon reasonable terms. In the past in all the Spanish American Republics the granting of monopolies has been a curse. In the future foreigners will have to be content with smaller profits, larger, no doubt, than those their capital could obtain in Europe, but not enormous. In fact, enormous profits have been a bar to industry whether in Europe or America, and it is devoutly to be hoped that no investment in the future will ever return to the investor more than 3 per cent. Above that all is usury, and makes the investor hated like the plague.

Reading Mrs. Tweedie's book, a lifetime of experience of South America, and about two years' residence in the various Republics since the war began, incline me to believe that one of the most important outlets for British industry after peace is declared is to be found in Latin America.

In nearly all the Republics Britain is popular, because of the assistance that she gave in independence days. Did not Canning call into existence a new world? That world was South America. Not only is Britain respected, but Englishmen are liked. "Palabra de Ingles" (an Englishman's word) is still a proverb in many of the States. I always feel as if it is the duty of a British citizen, if Englishmen are drunken, uncourteous, or, above all, break their word in South America, to reason with them with a club. Let it not be supposed, however, that when the war is over British trade can, as the Spanish saying has it, "arrive and kiss the saint." It will have two competitors, Germany and the United States. I think the German will be the more dangerous of the two. In Germany he is a brute, rough and discourteous, cringing and bullying at the same time. In South America this is not the case. The German is the most adaptable of men. If the tone of the country is rough and bullying, as in Germany, he is a bully and a

rough. If it is courteous, as it invariably is in all the States of South America, the German is transformed. Who takes his hat off more than he does? Who learns the necessary compliments more readily than he? No one is more attentive to his clients. None work longer hours. No polo, cricket, football, or any other sport for him. No one works harder to achieve a mastery of the language, be it Portuguese or Spanish, Quichua or Guarani, and no one masters any of those tongues better than he does, except, of course, the accent, which he rarely can achieve. The man "out there" is quite another being, pleasant and civil, open-handed and, I regret to say, a favourite. Nothing is too hard for him. In Hayti he will marry a full-blooded negress in order to secure the trade; in Panama, keep a seraglio; or, in the highlands of Peru, live with an Indian woman, four-feet-six in height, who knows no word of anything but Quichua or Aimara. He gives long credit, pirates all other manufactures, lives cheaply, works long hours, and is a past master in the art of ingratiating himself with those he lives amongst. What he thinks of it all only he knows, and, like a Higher Power, he does not tell us what he knows; but still the facts remain.

Needless to say that all his catalogues are in the language of the country, and if local weights and measures rule, he quotes them as if to the manner born. The American is far less yielding, far less adaptable. Amongst the commercial traveller class his idea of showing independence was—for the war has changed him not a little—by disregarding the feelings of the natives of the place. He felt himself a member of a superior race because his countrymen were more advanced than were the Spanish-Americans in the material arts of life. Thus he despised the people, and was despised by them on account of his bad manners, which they forgive in Englishmen because they are more involuntary. The North American, as a general rule—I write entirely of the commercial class—is ignorant of every language but his own. Still, he is pushful and businesslike, and will be a formidable competitor in the struggle for the market, which must come directly peace is declared. Our men are pleasant, gentlemanlike, and honourable in their dealings, but far too wedded to their own ideas. They seldom take the pains to fall in with the

native ways, and much too often fail to learn the language of the place. Having been in past years almost without a rival, they frequently adopt a "take it or be damned" air, which in the past was justified by their position, but to-day is fatal when such keen competitors are in the field.

Their price-lists even to-day are far too often drawn up in English with yards instead of metres, shillings and pounds instead of dollars, and they insist too much on ready-money business, a practice in itself admirable, but out of place in South America. Still, they are popular, for all know that their goods are the best in the markets of the world, although far dearer than the stuff with which the Germans fill the remotest towns of the most insignificant of all the States.

If we are really in earnest we must alter many of our ways, for our commercial future hangs in the balance, and a year lost can never be retrieved. A year is about all the breathing-space that we shall have after the war, and if we lose it we shall find ourselves excluded from a market that is ours to take if we but set about it in the proper way. I write of what I know, or should know, if experience is any guide.

Ignorance, crass and unfathomable, still exists in England as to things South American. Since I returned from the Republic of Colombia I have many times been asked if it was British Columbia I had visited. Sometimes a man will say, "Colombia . . . ah, Colombo. Did you run up to Kandy?" Then, harking back, he may say, "Yes, I know; one of those little States in which there is a revolution every week." That of a country larger than France and Spain.

To capture markets, in the first place, an elementary knowledge of geography is not to be despised. Price-lists should be in Spanish (for Brazil in Portuguese), and prices should all be in dollars and in cents. A knowledge of the language is the first requisite. The Government should foster private enterprise, and instruct all Consuls to give assistance to all British traders to the utmost limit of their powers. Much can be done by them, and much more could be done. In the first place, the Consuls should be better paid and taken from a better class—I mean a class specially educated for the work, and not, as is too frequently the

case, allowed to drift into the place by the survival of the unfittest, or jobbed there by interest, or, worst of all, allowed to vegetate in the same place for years without a change.

Things are on the mend, and when in Uruguay two years ago, and this year in Colombia, I met young men travelling the country for different business of far superior class to the commercial traveller of yore. Active, well educated, and up to date, they did their country honour, and all they want, to hold their own, is that more interest should be taken in our trade by the Home Government.

Most of the German British Consuls have been replaced, but in remote towns some linger on. There ought to be a sweep of all of them. Ministers, often in South America the withered fruits of the diplomatic orchard, should in the future work with the Consuls, consult the local British merchants, inform themselves of native prejudices, mix more in the society of the various capitals in which they live, and gradually descend from the Olympian heights in which they hitherto have lived. Too often they forget that they are servants of the public, who pays their salaries, and has a right both to their services and their advice. Ministers to-day live at the end of a long wire connected with the Foreign Office. Their power of individual action is but small, their actual diplomatic value almost negligible. They might do much to further British trade, and would do so if they received instructions from their chiefs. As it is, they often hold themselves aloof, thinking commercial matters far beneath their ken. All this must alter if we are to win the race for South America.

Time presses; our competitors are working at full speed, flooding the continent with propaganda of their wares. "Britons, strike home!" was the old watchword in the past. To-day it should be changed, as far as South America is concerned, to "Britons, wake up!"

Ernie Russell

By Blamire Young

ERNIE RUSSELL was one of those individuals that came to the surface when the depths of society were stirred by the outbreak of war in August of 1914. Lord Kitchener threw his net wide, and he took some queer fish; Ernie Russell was one of the queerest.

It may have been indignation at the violation of the rights of small countries; Sergeant Spiller thought it was not. In knowledge of men George was pre-eminent even among sergeants, and in matters of this kind I always took his dictum as final, for I never knew his intuition to fail. George believed that the war was accepted by the non-descript fringes of society, to which Russell belonged, as a definite calamity from which there was no possible escape. Many of them stayed not to feel the pinch that they knew would come; they recognised the hopeless nature of the struggle, and acted accordingly. It so fell out that Russell joined "the Queen's," and found himself in Spiller's platoon, Spiller being a platoon sergeant at the time.

Russell was not an addition to the Queen's from any point of view. He had led the wandering, casual life too long to become a soldier. He was untidy and quarrelsome, and an unfailing source of trouble to his sergeant. He became the butt of the platoon, the perpetual focus of unsparing jests, which he fiercely resented. He had the queer, shifty ways that belong to lonely men, and he was powerless to hide them or shake them off. One of his peculiarities was that he never carried matches. Instead, he kept his pockets loaded with paper which he picked up in the trenches. When his fag went out, which was every few minutes, he sidled up to a brazier—a tiny, hazardous fire that struggled to warm the few men who crouched over it—and he entered into conversation in as casual a way as he could assume. During the conversation he would draw

out of his pocket a piece of charred paper, insert it into the heart of the little fire, light his fag, extinguish the flame, and replace the paper in his pocket. After he had repeated this manœuvre three or four times in the course of a cold morning, the owners of the fire began to "rumble" Russell's manœuvre. These trench fires require most careful coaxing to burn at all, and are so small that a piece of paper stuffed into their vitals is enough to disorganise them, so a plan would be concerted for the next visit. Ernie would begin the conversation in the usual friendly way, but whenever he edged round to the fire a broad back would intervene. Try as he would the front remained unbroken, until at last he was made to understand that the obstruction was intentional. Ernie then would single out an offender and "tell him off" in terms that left no room to doubt his feeling of indignation at the outrage offered him. Then, regardless of shells or rifle fire, the two would roll all over the trench in a fierce struggle, and Russell would be dragged off his opponent by the onlookers before he could draw his knife or inflict some horrible wound with his teeth or his nails.

George was always precise and particular in his description of Russell's appearance. He was of middle height with a stoop. His resemblance to a walrus was the result of a drooping fair moustache that hung down on each side of his chin. His nose was always running, and he had large blackheads in his ears. Many a time did George detail two men to take Russell to the pump in the farmyard and wash him—a discipline that had, however, small remedial value. His greatcoat was too long for him, and as he walked it flapped dejectedly from side to side. Every morning the corporal would report the men who were sick. After a lot of names and numbers the list would always close with "and thirty-five seventeen Russell E." Russell invariably "reported sick" so as to escape duty, as he hoped. Authority, nevertheless, often determined otherwise. By his habits and his unfailing resource in thinking of new ailments he made himself a nuisance to his superiors, and many attempts were made to pass him surreptitiously into some other platoon; but Ernie always came back again. On one occasion he had been sent to the base hospital, more for convenience than for hygienic necessity, and great hopes were entertained by No. 9 Platoon owing

to his long absence that Russell had left their ranks for good. George was sitting in the barn in which they were billeted, after returning from the trenches, when the men came running in to say that Russell was coming down the road. Sure enough there was Ernie slouching along towards the farm, with his coat sagging from side to side, and his yellow moustache hanging on each side of his large yellow teeth. In some things he was regimental and conscientious. He came up to George, stood at "attention," and said, "I'm to report to you, sergeant." "To me!" says George; "not on your life! You'll report to No. 3, and look quick about it." The sergeant of No. 3 Platoon would have none of him. "Go back to your own platoon; you don't belong here. Tell Sergeant Spiller we're not taking any Russells—not likely!" So No. 9 Platoon shouldered its cross once more and resumed its ordinary life.

One day Sergeant Spiller was attending to the multitudinous details of his rank, and everyone was busy and preoccupied, when a sudden clamour filled the barn. All eyes were turned to the loft, from which the noise came. The loft was a dark room amongst the beams of the roof, and a ladder with worn and broken steps led up to it. Presently two swaying figures appeared at the loft door. They clutched one another in a fierce embrace, and presently pitched down the ladder in a succession of jolts till they reached the barn floor. Undeterred by the fall, they continued the struggle, screaming, swearing, and tearing at one another like wild beasts. The inquiry brought to light the following facts. After the men had been dismissed there had been a rush for the loft. Among the first to gain the coveted abode was Russell. But he had reckoned without Ireland. When Russell jerked O'Meara's equipment to the floor the Irishman seized him in his forceful arms, and the battle began. Almost at once Russell had seized O'Meara's nose in his teeth, and with a bulldog grip had held on. George Spiller meted out punishment to the two with admirable impartiality, and the incident closed.

Russell lost no time in renewing his attendance on the doctor. He claimed the daily right to report sick and pour the story of his endless ailments into the professional ear until the medical staff could bear it no longer. They had

found that Russell's visits to the base hospital were no real escape from the intolerable burden of his presence. They realised that to shake him off permanently some other turn of events would have to come to their assistance.

On a cold morning, soon after the incident of the loft, Ernie was surprised to find the doctor's greeting quite affable.

"What! My old friend Russell! Upon my word, you don't say so! And how is Russell?"

"All right, sir."

"All right, are you, Russell? No! I can't believe it. There's something wrong, surely. What's the matter, Russell?"

"Pain in my stomach, sir."

"Pain in your stomach! Dear, dear! And what else?"

"Me leg's stiff, sir."

"Of course it is. Now let me see. Corporal!"

"Yes, sir."

"Corporal, here's our old friend Russell with us again this morning. I want you to get me that mouth-organ that we got for Russell. You know where it is?"

The corporal looked puzzled.

"Mouth-organ, sir?"

"Yes, the mouth-organ. You know. It's on the table in the——"

"Ah, yes, sir."

Before half a minute the corporal returned with an old mouth-organ lacking several reeds.

"That's it, corporal. And the peppermints—you know where the peppermints are. Yes, thank you. Now, Russell, listen to me. Did you ever hear of Piper Findlater?"

"No, sir."

"Never heard of Piper Findlater? You astonish me! Well, Piper Findlater was the piper belonging to the Dargai Highlanders. He played on pipes—Scotch bagpipes, Russell. Beautifully he played them, too. Well, once when his regiment was drawn up before the enemy—this was just before an attack, you understand. In the early morning, if I remember rightly, wasn't it, corporal?"

"In the early morning, sir."

"Quite so. In the early morning the Dargai Highlanders were expecting an attack from the enemy, and weren't feeling too good about it—as sometimes happens, you know, Russell. Piper Findlater saw that the men's spirits were not quite up to concert pitch. So what did he do but march up and down the front of the line playing 'The Campbells are Coming'—or was it 'Bonnie Dundee,' corporal?"

"'Bonnie Dundee,' sir."

"Yes, that was it, 'Bonnie Dundee.' And he played it magnificently—as I told you, Russell, didn't I? I told you he was a great player on the bagpipes."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, I want you to be Piper Findlater, Russell."

"Yes, sir."

"Can you play on the mouth-organ, Russell?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you must try your best. It's quite easy. Govern these vantages—— No, that's not it, is it, corporal? Anyway, I want you to take the mouth-organ and the peppermints and report yourself to Sergeant Spiller, and say you are to be Piper Findlater and march up and down the top of the trench playing magnificently upon the mouth-organ for the encouragement of the men in the trenches. Do you understand, Russell?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought you would. Now cut along and let me hear great things of you, Russell—great things."

George Spiller was eating his breakfast when Russell reported himself.

"I'm to march up and down on top of the trench and blow this 'ere affair, sergeant, same as Piper Someone-or-other did."

"Well, jump up and get on with it."

So while the men were eating their breakfasts a gaunt figure slouched along the top of the trench, blowing aimlessly into the dilapidated mouth-organ. His coat swung from side to side as he walked. A large peppermint thrust out the lank cheek beside the drooping moustache. A more deplorable object could not well be imagined. He was in full view of the enemy's trenches, a perfect target for a sniper, but not a shot was fired at him. He was there until

he got so cold that he implored George to let him come down again into the trench. He cursed the doctor. He cursed the mouth-organ. He cursed the Germans. At length George cursed him, and told him to come down. The language required to do justice to the episode of the mouth-organ, as it was done by Sergeant Spiller, used to make my mouth water. It can only be remotely suggested

Russell's funambulist exploit on the top of the trench during the early hours of that cold winter morning brought him notoriety more than fame. Not that he was lacking in notoriety before that incident. He had always got more than his share. His misplaced and unnecessary gallantry was not received by the regiment as a sign of grace. Rather did it add fuel to the fire, and the gibes at his expense were intensified. This, as may be expected, led him into further quarrels, and the patience of his superiors was tried to breaking-point in consequence. The platoon commander and platoon sergeant found themselves in complete sympathy on the question of Russell's presence in the ranks. The thing was getting on their nerves; they discussed many ways in turn whereby they might rid themselves permanently of the incubus. They felt that the doctor had done his part, and that no further help could reasonably be expected from that quarter. They remembered the words of Henry, the eighth of that name: "Who will rid me of this turbulent priest!" And if they did not do so to one another, they made a paraphrase to the royal appeal in their own minds and set their wits to seek out an effective solution.

Shortly after there was some outbreak on the part of Russell of a particularly undisciplined character, but I had better pass over the incident and go on to the important matters that arose from it. It must be borne in mind that it was really the long array of Russell's misdemeanours that made the climax possible; but it was this particular incident that set, as it were, the match to the fire.

The platoon commander and the platoon sergeant were discussing matters in the dug-out of the former. When they had got to the end of the details of the moment, George addressed the officer in some such words as these:

"I have considered Russell's case from all points, and have come to the decision that we can only take one course. I have done all I can with him. I have punished him,

cautioned him, defended him until I have reached the end of my patience. The moral of the platoon is being undermined by his example, and the forbearance of the men when off parade cannot be expected to last for ever. I feel, sir, that there is only one way out of it. Russell must die an honourable death!"

"I wish to all the gods he would!"

"He has neither kith nor kin. He shall die an honourable death in the face of the enemy."

"Well, sergeant, I leave the matter in your hands. You are responsible for the platoon's discipline, and you may be sure of my support in whatever you do. All I ask is that you give me no details. Is that clear?"

"Quite clear, sir."

"Just pass the word for my orderly, will you?"

. . . . . .

The short winter day was drawing in. The 1st Queen's were in the trenches and fire was slackening. Opposite them there were a Bavarian regiment—a good-natured lot who took life cheerfully.

"Good-night, Queen's!" came across the intervening ground; for by some unknown means they always know what regiment is occupying the British trenches. They welcome them when they arrive and chaff them when they go.

"No more fire till to-morrow!"

"Good-night, Fritz!"

"Good-night, Englisher!"

Every evening at nightfall—what time the suburban householder collects his garden tools, locks them in his tool-house, and turns his face towards the drawing-room fire and the evening paper—the Bavarians used to light a large brazier and mount it upon the top of their trench. There it burnt till morning, a beacon in the waste of war. At this hour, a few days after the conversation recorded above, Sergeant Spiller sent for Private Russell.

"Russell, we are short of coal. I want you to go over to B Company and ask the sergeant-major if he will oblige me with a sack of coal till morning."

"Yes, sergeant."

"Do you know where B Company is?"

"No, sergeant."

"Well, you see that fire over there," indicating the Bavarians' brazier. "That is where B Company is."

The trenches at the front of the line took some queer turns, and there was therefore nothing very remarkable in the assertion that the trenches on the half-right front should belong to B Company.

"You understand the place I mean?"

"Yes, sergeant; over there by the burning fire."

"That's it. Now you'll pop over the parapet and make your way there, ask for the sergeant-major, and give him my message."

"Yes, sergeant."

"All right, then. Off you go, and mind the wire!"

Russell had no sooner scrambled to his feet at the top of the trench and started on his way than there was a crash, a roar, a rattle. Pandemonium broke loose, and the mud and stones fell in showers over the trench. It seemed as though the whole of the Bavarian fire had been suddenly directed upon the spot where Russell was last seen. This vengeful fire continued without a pause for three or four minutes. It ceased for a few moments, and then broke out again with the same fury. This continued for some time, and presently ceased altogether. Then night fell, and all the ways were darkened.

. . . . . .

The next morning, when the usual examination of arms was in progress, Sergeant Spiller looked up and saw what appeared to be a human scarecrow hopping painfully along the top of the trench towards him. It was Russell. He lowered himself into the trench, stood at the "attention," and formally reported himself to his platoon sergeant.

"I never got to B Company's lines, sergeant," he said. "As soon as ever I started the lousy cows let go at me, so I lay there all night, and I've come back to report myself. I never got no bloody coal."

"No, I don't suppose you did," said Sergeant Spiller, looking as if he was speaking to a ghost. "Did you get hit?"

"No, sergeant, not that I knows on, but me feet's froze."

And not long afterwards Ernie Russell was back.

A Man's Confession

By Arthur Symons

It was a year before the war began that, as I was walking along the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris, I met a friend I had not seen since our separation. The moment was embarrassing. He held out his hand to me. I took it, and, after a few words, we sat down outside a *café*, where we took our afternoon *apéritifs*.

I knew his reputation. He had written three Plays for the Vaudeville, he had made a fortune, was the proprietor of several journals, went everywhere, was liked and hated; had lived, one supposed, on bad terms with his wife, who also was supposed to live after her own fashion. He confessed to me that he had lost his illusions; that he didn't even hate his enemies.

"You," he said, "cannot imagine into what extreme depths one can descend—into indifference. Pascal said that it is absurd. Here one meets stupid people, who want to destroy you. What is joy? A lost treasure not even my last million can ever bring back again to life."

I said: "In legends the Devil pays in gold for the souls he buys. The pact signed, the gold is changed into dead leaves."

"Ah!" he cried. "What are those to me now? One never signs twice over with Satan. So you find me cynical?"

"Certainly, as most men and women are."

There was a silence; then he went on: "The world has broken away from reality and the supernatural. God has given us terrible permissions—never that of suicide. One can't even hang himself in any kind of decency. Even when the Antichrist comes he may hold the world in both his hands, but save never a soul nor a life."

"Folly," I said, "that leads to shameful things."

"No, no," he continued, in an irritated tone; "besides, we others, we have no children."

I gazed at him with stupor.

"I tell you," he said, "our names go on; but as for us, we are not even fathers. Men called Buloz a genius, but he revealed nothing."

"What, you surely don't want to see a drunken brute assassinate a child?"

"I am not exactly wicked, but none can stem the torrent of our times. You know, I suppose, that I have had success at the Theatre. Yet a kind of spite gives me the desire of offending fortune and of serving the public as it ought to be served."

I said: "You have, I know, certain incidents in your life that you have told no one; that you might perhaps tell me."

He looked at me for a long time in silence, lighted a cigarette, then said: "You shall hear what no one has ever heard before."

This is the story he told me. I give it more or less in his own words.

I invented (he said) a shameless Bacchanal, shameless even for the Theatre of Bacchanals to which I destined it. I hardly dared read the MS. to the actors. The principal part of the leading lady consisted in her saying, at intervals, from the beginning to the end: "I am a Prostitute." The actress who had to play that part was the only one whom my play didn't disquiet. The Censor passed it.

For myself I felt ashamed. They said to me: "Don't fear. If the first performance is successful a hundred others will follow; you will have glory and fortune." The actors who spoke such words, these were the creatures I plunged into depths of ignominy, and who never minded it. So I never used my own name as the Writer of the Play, but let it be acted under an imaginary name instead of mine. I was strangely curious as to what was going to happen.

The public never for a moment hesitated. Two hundred performances were given; even those did not satiate their abject appetite. When I entered the wings the Director, the actors, the actresses, bowed before me. I was famous there—in that one, that ignoble but satisfying world, the world of the theatre. Yes, the only satisfying world we possess.

I made an immense future; and the actors, after their success, no longer acted my plays, but their own. There you see all the difference when those comedians take to heart a piece they suppose was written solely for them. *Canaille!* you say. Yes and no. Take Réjane, for instance. The genius of Réjane is a kind of finesse: it is a flavour, and all the ingredients of the dish may be named without defining it. The thing is Parisian, but that is only to say that it unites nervous force with a wicked ease and mastery of charm. It speaks to the senses through the brain, as much as to the brain through the senses. It is the feminine equivalent of intelligence. It "magnetises our poor vertebræ," in Verlaine's phrase. It is sex civilised, under direction, playing a part, as we say of others than those on the stage. It calculates and is unerring. It has none of the vulgar warmth of mere passion, none of its simplicity. It leaves a little red sting where it has kissed, and it intoxicates us by its appeal to so many sides of our nature at once. I say again, Réjane can be vulgar, as Nature is vulgar; but more than any actress she is the human animal without disguise or evasion; with all the instincts, all the natural cries and movements.

In her is the supreme merit of acting. Don't for a moment imagine I shall give you the name of the actress who first acted her part in my Play. She had the Devil in her body, and sinned with all her senses. A genius, great, supreme? Never!

In any case, I certainly had made an unpardonably mischievous trick in my comedy. Yet the talent and mimicry had their own merit: merit, no; what can I call it?—a shameless and nameless horror.

This pleased the public; I hated the spectacle, but a certain something in me drove me to find there an unheard-of bitterness; there, in my box, where, hidden, I saw all, I saw all.

I have known the vile and unutterable sadness of stage players; the anguish of the clown in the arena who jests because there is no merriment in his heart, who cannot even blush under his paint. I have known what it is to see actors set their wits at those who vied conceits with them in downright emulation. And I have dreamed of five hundred actors that danced before me, like the faces which,

whether you will or no, come when you have been taking opium.

Sometimes I thought of going to confession; but when the thought of my children entered my mind, I began wondering: can there be one day, perhaps, when, through my own sins, I shall see my daughter fall into the snares of the theatre and play such scenes as mine before an equally hideous audience? I realised my own corruption. But when I saw in the stalls families, honest families, who understood my meaning and who listened to all this derision, impiety, adultery and luxury, I was, finally, aghast. I waited for some crisis that hung before me as a crisis abominable, unendurable, unimaginable. It came.

I needn't remind you that I married my wife because I loved her, because she loved me. You know her beauty, her grace, her exquisite refinement. She liked living rather out of the world; knew only vaguely and never at any time approved of all my traffic with the theatres. She was all I had to care for; only so utterly different from the casual women I knew. I had never told her of my miserable play. I imagined she would never discover in me the Writer of it.

One night, sadder than usual and agitated with strange presentiments, I took my usual place in the box where I always hid myself. Suddenly I saw in the opposite box my wife with certain stupid friends of ours. She was pale, cold, with an expression of disgust such as I had never seen in her face. Then I saw the spectre of my conscience; I found myself face to face with implacable justice. I buried my head in my hands to escape the horror of it.

Then I saw, felt, realised, all she had seen and heard and that had revolted her, made her indignant. She saw things and she judged them, and she judged me! I imagined that if there were a last judgment it might resemble this. I felt as if I were flagellated with lashes of burning steel. I knew that the man in me she had loved had fallen away from himself. I was a mask, and not a man.

When I had opened my eyes the curtain fell, and the people went out slowly. My wife was there, always in the same attitude, in the same stupor, pale, silent, irritated. I

was dead for her behind this curtain that she regarded fixedly, dead in this dust, in this charnel-house of corruption. Between us now there remained, for the whole of our lives, an abyss.

I did not go around to see her; I feared the words of our friends, and her eyes and her ominous silence. I returned home later than usual. Strange and feverish sensations tortured me. Even my house seemed no more my house; and as I entered, it was myself and yet not myself. Writer of this atrocious comedy, associate of the comic actors, whose degradation she had seen, I was no more the man she had loved and married. Ah! the night I spent: the first night since our marriage I had ever spent alone.

At that point of his narrative he stopped abruptly.

"Ah," I said to him, "what agonies you must have endured!"

He interrupted me. "When one has cast off his bodily raiment, as a snake his skin, one becomes a changed man, changed for the worse. There was no explanation between my wife and myself. I dared not provoke it. She humiliated me with her coldness and her air of one who never puts aside the virtue, as women call it, of her conviction, her final conviction. When she tried again to break the ice (to use an image) I received her haughtily, as an offended man. As she had no more love for me left in her, all was over. So I left her alone in her chagrin, her anger, her solitude; and as my house seemed no more as it used to be, I sought distraction everywhere but there. We went our own ways, she and I. We became, under the same roof, strangers to each other, and in truth—this is the absolute truth—on that night of her revelation we died, she and I, as literally as we lived."

Heroic Cowardice

By "Rita"

(Mrs. Desmond Humphreys)

There are certain duties of life to which labels are attached, and which in course of time have become accepted as significant of those labels. One of the most commonplace of ideals is Courage—the courage of the soldier; the courage of those who rule the seas and "go down in ships" (in modern times, U-boats); the physical courage of man as displayed in deeds of daring—and in moments of peril or alarm. We are so used to speaking of courage as appertaining to merely physical conditions that we often lose sight of its higher and less understood possibilities. There is a moral courage, a courage of the soul, and also a courage of temperament, which is often so misunderstood as to come under the heading of cowardice. But there is something braver in a man's ability to stand alone and face the storm of opposition to a certain standard of action than there is in moving with the multitude—wearing its label of conventionality.

To descend to particulars instead of generalities, let us investigate that particular form of courage which glorifies the standards of warfare.

There are men born to be soldiers—to whom danger and bloodshed and their attendant horrors mean nothing but thrills of excitement or a passionate ruthlessness born of imminent hazard. There are men to whom material life is only a pawn on the chessboard of Fate, to whom adventure is second nature—and excitement a necessity. But, again, there are men physically afraid of such things, to whom bloodshed and cruelty and all the tyrannous horrors of warfare are detestable, as much by reason of a delicate and spiritualised organisation as by training—and theory.

To the poet, the artist, the musician, the writer, the

actor, the scientist, war is a horrible and frightful thing. Why? Because they have that finer sense of distinguishing between the thing itself and the labels that glorify it. Because there is something disgusting and disgraceful in the fact of setting men at each other like mad brutes, and hounding them on to wholesale murder—and worse—for the sake of some national disagreement or some error in foreign diplomacy. The right to live is every man's right to whom the gift of life means also a higher gift than the enjoyment of physical pleasures or material advantage. The soldier is born with a lust for fighting; by all means let him fight. But the dreamer, the artist, the poet, the young, ardent souls whom Genius has dowered and who work for Humanity's higher good, to such the battlefield is only just what a battlefield really *is*—a place where life is of no more value than the fall of a leaf; a place where power tyrannises over all natural rights and instincts; where Duty bears the elastic properties of officialdom, and where man knows himself but as an insignificant unit among millions as insignificant.

Time was when everything glorious and exciting dignified the calling of arms to the man. When foes faced each other with an equal chance, and fought out their quarrels by the rules of warfare. But in these modern days all that has been set aside. We have had to learn that nothing is sacred, nothing is noble, in the eyes of a nation who at one tyrannous command has thrown the blazing torch of warfare into a once peaceful world. We have had to learn that martial antagonism means only every mean trick that ingenuity can invent; that poison, treachery, intrigue, and dishonour are the new "war standards" set by Culture; that every international obligation can be broken at the will of a dastardly foe, and that we must meet him on his own ground and fight him with his own weapons as the only course left if we intend to conquer him.

It does not do to proclaim such things from the housetops. It does not do to thrust aside all the old familiar cant of "glory," "victory," and "patriotism." But do those who sound these cries ever stop to question their *real* meaning, or try to understand and excuse those who, by upholding that meaning, receive only the stigma of cowardice?

Yet are they cowards? Are they not rather very brave? To have the moral strength to face a majority of accepted theories and oppose them by the truth of actual facts is really very courageous. Governments always muzzle truth-speakers, otherwise they would cease to be Governments. To-day thrones are tottering, and Powers are overthrown, and chaos is the universal order of things simply because these Powers will not credit the rest of mankind with the ability of thinking for itself.

We are learning to know that war is no glorious and heroic thing, but merely a bloody and barbarous necessity. That we must kill or be killed; destroy or be destroyed. That is the truth of the whole matter, and it stands naked and ashamed beside ideals of glory and victory and martyrdom. It turns with lowered eyes from medals and crosses and honours, knowing what it has seen and done in the madness of destruction—knowing of those young lives sacrificed, those nameless graves and broken hearts which form too black a shadow for any sun of Victory to lighten.

Those who think these things or say them (if permitted) are no cowards. All men are not born with the fighting instinct, and some women are brave enough to distinguish between the wearing of khaki and its avoidance. Physical courage is a virtue man shares with the brute creation, but the brute wages only the war of necessity or self-defence, and even brutes are not all fighters.

Governments, like majorities, do not employ the faculty of discernment. A man is a hero if he fights—a coward if he does not. Temperament and feeling do not enter into their ideas of classification, and all that Nature has done for a man, or all with which genius and talent have dowered him, are less than nothing should he place a theory beside a command. Yet in years to come the world will be the poorer for many wasted gifts; for the loss of those who cannot be replaced, since genius is not made to order. They might have been spared, they should have been spared; they were born for better things than to serve as cannon-fodder in days when wholesale butchery and murder have taken the place of honest warfare, and heroism has no chance against the inventive Fiend who drops poison

bombs into trench and hospital, and flies the Standard of Dishonour over land and sea.

It is well sometimes to pause and think over the real meaning of words; of the force that underlies them. A very terrible truth underlies the events of the present day. The world has been roughly shaken from its lethargy; nothing is the same; nothing will ever be the same as it was before the tocsin of 1914 sounded its warning; and perhaps one day we shall recognise a truer heroism in moral courage than now we are inclined to do. We shall not dignify obsolete standards by phrases that are without real meaning. We shall learn from those who have not been afraid of fear how heroic a thing it is to sacrifice inclination to duty, and how equally heroic it can be to look on duty with—disinclination.

It is this false standard of Law and Life which makes men despair of being understood. Yet surely between heroism and cowardice there may be a psychological difference, an operation of the mind which determines its own standard of action undeterred by popular prejudice? Character is formed by circumstances as well as by ideals of humanity.

Why should the horrible whirlpool of war engulf the finest intellects and noblest gifts of mankind as well as its commonest attributes?

The poet and artist have a mission in life which ennobles and dignifies its highest meaning. They stand apart from their contemporaries, and the fierce passions, the illogical hatreds and ambitions of the world are judged from that standpoint. The expression of Genius is its work. Take it away from that work and it is dumb. And how it suffers! How it has suffered. The tale can never be told; the broken life, the maimed limbs never restored; the song can never be sung, the poem shall never be written—not in this world, at least. Some have been driven to death by a taunt or a sneer; some by the goad of Duty—that misunderstood word of many meanings. Some have stood sternly aloof with the heroic cowardice that has its own code of honour. Gibe and jeer have not spared them; they have "suffered and been strong" in a world of their own meaning and with a disregard for criticism that is in itself a form of courage. Unsung,

unglorified, unhonoured, they remain apart from their fellows and suffer as all must suffer who lie under that ban of ostracism.

To some, life wears a visionary face; to others it is stern reality. Patience and right endeavour have lived down many obstacles and overthrown many prejudices, but they are faced with a problem to-day where they see before them both the obligation of duty and the compulsion of force. Against these are arrayed an instinctive hatred of all that is coarse, cruel, and revengeful. The shrinking of a refined and delicate nature; the instincts of purity and peace. All have to submit to cursory judgment, to a rude classification; to things that affront every sense of delicacy and that have stood for the chivalry of past ages, but are discarded as useless in this.

But the world stands in need of a wider vision than its own self-interest. I will have to judge one day between two sorts of heroism, and it may yet learn that its true heroes are those it has never glorified.

A Matter of Principle

From the Yiddish of L. Shapiro

(*Translated by* HANNAH BERMAN.)

THE moon stood over the city towards the west, slightly red, as if offended. Gas and electric lights reigned over all the busy streets and drove off the pale, sentimental beams of the moon, so that no one even noticed her. The city surrounded its inhabitants as by a magic circle. They danced and buzzed within its circumference like flies within an inverted glass.

Leiptziger walked slowly through the streets and regarded the life about him with a mild curiosity. The base desires—the scorpions—that lived and moved within his heart nearly always, now withdrew themselves into a remote corner, so to speak, and left him in peace for a while. As he walked along he smiled.

His wandering gaze rested on a young girl who was standing at the window of a cookshop. She was dressed poorly, but with a show of pretentiousness. She was bare-headed. Her face was pale and tired, and yet was childishly soft. She was looking at the appetisingly-browned meat on the other side of the pane of glass with so much desire in her eyes that Leiptziger suddenly stood still. The base desires—the scorpions—stirred restlessly within him. It seemed as if they were turning over on the other side. . . .

She trembled and turned her head in Leiptziger's direction. He withdrew his eyes instantly from her face and began to stride away. He felt that she was following him. She was already abreast of him, on his left-hand side. She did not look at him, but said in a tone that was meant for no one in particular:

"I live close by here, number twenty-seven."

Leiptziger shook his head "no." She was now looking straight at him, and indicating with her hand where she lived.

"It is just here, the second house."

"I am not going."

"Come in for a minute. What do you care?" she said to him, walking rapidly in order to keep close beside him.

A sweat broke out over Leiptziger.

"I—I never go!"

She stood still a moment, in astonishment. He also stood still, mechanically. She threw a peculiar glance at him, whistled in mockery, and turned away with an assumed indifference. He went off, smiling doubtfully.

A few steps further on the base desires—the scorpions—again stirred within his heart. He remembered how she had looked through the window of the cookshop, and he walked back, indeterminately, a few steps.

She noticed this, and looked at him with mingled wonder and irony.

"Miss, are you—are you—hungry?"

Her face clouded.

"Well?" she asked insolently and venomously.

"Just imagine to yourself—— You understand?—— Pretend to yourself that I was with you—— Here's something for supper." He ended up his speech suddenly, and thrust a silver coin into her hand.

She drew back from him, without taking the money.

"Come in for a minute. What are you afraid of?"

"But I never go. You understand?"

"And I don't accept charity," she cried in a sudden burst of anger.

At this Leiptziger felt annoyed. He looked at her for a few seconds through wide-open eyes. Then he laughed boisterously, and said, right into her face, putting into his words a peculiar accent of seriousness:

"It's a matter of principle with me."

"What?" she asked, frightened.

She had never heard of such a disease in all her experience.

He understood her fears, and laughed again. He reflected for a moment, and stammered hesitatingly:

"Well, anyway, let's go—eh?"

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

If the present announcement holds good, the Beecham season at Drury Lane will have come to an end before these notes appear in print—that is to say, a week, or perhaps two, sooner than was originally intended. One reason, and one only, can be given in explanation of this. The first few performances drew large and enthusiastic crowds. Not only were they in themselves successful, but I was subtly conscious of an undercurrent of feeling that indicated *permanent* success. Then came the raids, which hit the undertaking at its most sensitive spot. It is not that anybody concerned was unduly disturbed by them when they took place. On the contrary, no praise could be too high for the company, which not only carried on, but gave at least two of the finest performances it has ever given, to the accompaniment of a barrage of shrapnel, and the audience was correspondingly cool. But the very people who displayed an imperturbable front while there was actual danger allowed themselves to be deterred from returning to the encounter by the discomforts of the journey home, and the audiences fell away to vanishing point. They subsequently recovered, but meanwhile the harm had been done. Now the danger is lest Sir Thomas Beecham may think that public apathy has had anything to do with the huge losses the affected weeks must have caused him. That would indeed be a calamity, for his work has assumed national importance in regard to the present, and still more the future. He has brought his company stage by stage to a degree of proficiency that has never before been obtained in English opera, and he has proved that we can afford to be, if we so choose, independent of foreign importations, except of the handful of artists of world-wide importance. In all the subsidiary machinery of opera, such as stage management, *ensemble*, and chorus work, he

has proved that we have nothing to learn, and he himself is one of the few really magnetic conductors alive to-day. It has taken London some time to become aware of this, for reasons of which every Londoner is aware, and if he had allowed himself to become disheartened at some earlier date, however disappointed we might have been, it would have been out of the question to saddle that disappointment upon him. It would have been merely a confession that he had attempted the impossible. That opening week, however, definitely established that there is no impossibility in the task he has set himself, and, if his patriotic work is curtailed now, it will be a direct consequence of the raids and of nothing else. He has not been the only sufferer by any means. One of the smaller operatic companies, which indirectly assist him by carrying the torch of enlightenment into the highways and byways, gave a performance during that week to a box-office return of twenty-nine shillings. There were, I believe, fifteen people in the audience, and over sixty on the stage. They have not drawn the conclusion that opera is not wanted. They have simply cursed the Hun and passed on.

Whether there would have been any advantage either in suspending operations or giving *matinées* only is not for an outsider to discuss. There is a much more important aspect of the matter. Here is a man doing patriotically with his own personal means and in face of overwhelming difficulties what is done, in every European country calling itself civilised, with the aid of State or municipal subsidies, and in some cases, both. He is hit by what is not personal, but public ill-luck. It is work of national importance that has suffered the fortunes of war. Is it not full time that the State, or the civic authorities of London, took official cognisance of the fact and gave some practical proof of their interest? Are we to go back to the conditions that prevailed before the war? Is music alone to be excluded from all those plans of reconstruction of which we hear so much and see so little? I am quite aware that from putting music on the agenda to giving any real help is a step requiring, in this country, seven-league boots, and that the prospect of any such excellent intention reaching maturity is far too remote to be of immediate practical assistance to Sir Thomas Beecham's undertaking, but his

need is psychological as much as material; and if, let us say, the Lord Mayor in full state were to bestow a formal benediction upon an institution which is peculiarly London's own, I believe Sir Thomas Beecham is quite human enough to be encouraged by it without inquiring too closely into its material meaning. It is the thought of London's apathy that has to be dispelled. I say the thought advisedly, as many circumstances have convinced me that the thing itself belongs to the past. London is not apathetic, but London wants to travel home in comfort, and that is why we are confronted with the prospect of London without the one kind of musical nucleus that should hold its musical life together.

Meanwhile, the question of a national opera relying not solely upon translations, but also upon indigenous productions, is naturally deferred for the present. If it is difficult to induce people to face possible discomfort for the sake of established masterpieces, it is obviously far more so to rally them to unproved original work, and only a dreamer out of touch with realities would charge Sir Thomas with lack of enterprise in this direction. It would, however, be a great mistake to regard this as a matter of no more than academic interest. It has more actuality than even I suspected, enthusiast as I am. In a recent number of the *New Witness* Mr. Ernest Newman has taken it up again, cleverly putting his finger on the weakest spot. "What hope is there for English opera," he asks, "so long as our composers and our poets live in different worlds that hardly ever touch each other?" It is our besetting sin that all our art-life is carried on in watertight compartments, and there is no solidarity, or even mutual comprehension, among creative artists whose interests, if they only knew, are identical.

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

Irish Self Government and "The Hidden Hand"

A Glance at the Past

By J. G. Swift MacNeill, K.C., M.P.

THE average well-informed Englishman is strangely ignorant of the salient features of Irish history in relation to British government in that country under the system whose hopeless breakdown—such was the expression—Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister admitted in the House of Commons on May 25th, 1916, on his return from a visit to Dublin immediately after the insurrection of Easter Week.

Mr. Duke, the Irish Secretary, in the debate in the House of Commons on Mr. Redmond's motion on October 23rd in relation to Irish affairs, repelled with a natural and justifiable warmth the imputation that he was engaged directly or indirectly in any scheme aimed at the failure of the Irish Convention, on whose success everyone of good will has set his heart. Against Mr. Duke personally a charge of this character cannot be brought by anyone having regard to his own word. The belief, however, is very generally entertained by persons well acquainted with Irish affairs that there are agencies in operation in Ireland not without influence in the Cabinet adverse to the Convention, and that the recent proclamations, seizure of arms, domiciliary visits at night, prosecutions for speeches before courts-martial, and prison regulations whose administration culminated in the death of Thomas Ashe, can only be explained as distinctly in pursuance of a calculated policy of keeping alive angry passions, of provoking resistance with a view to its savage suppression of prolonging by plunging the country into chaos the present "broken-down" *régime* to the advantage of some individuals whose

offices, salaries, and privileges depend on the maintenance of its unconstitutional existence, at the sacrifice of the rights and liberties of the Irish people as a whole.

A situation of this character will doubtless appear to the average well-informed Englishman incredible. The power, however, in times past of secret agencies in upsetting great measures for the benefit of the people (not only of Ireland but of Great Britain), in some instances having the hearty support of all that was best and purest in the British Cabinet, forbids anyone acquainted with Irish history (whose study Mr. Gladstone so often urged on the people of Great Britain) to refrain from guarding against the repetition of conspiracies of this character against the public welfare. In the hope that the British people will narrowly scan the conduct of Irish administration while the fate of the Irish Convention and all for which it stands are in the balance, and many realise that secret plans for its destruction are not improbable, I desire to place before them, mainly on the authority of Mr. Lecky, the eminent historian and member for Trinity College, Dublin, some instances—the list could be largely extended—in which at times by Irish reactionaries, at times by a Lord-Lieutenant or Chief Secretary influenced by such reactionaries, at times by Irish reactionaries and Irish Government officials intriguing through former Lord-Lieutenants and former Chief Secretaries with members of the Cabinet, and even approaching the Sovereign himself, the very brightest hopes of Great Britain and Ireland for a peaceful and honourable settlement of difficulties have been deliberately and treacherously marred.

1. The Duke of Portland was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at the time of the establishment in 1782 of Irish Parliamentary independence—in other words, of Grattan's Parliament. A message from him was read to the Irish House of Commons to the effect that "his Majesty, being concerned to find that discontents and jealousies were prevailing among his loyal subjects in Ireland upon matters of great weight and importance, recommended to the House to take the same into their most serious consideration in order to effect such a final adjustment as might give mutual satisfaction to his Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland." Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Chief Secretary, was

authorised by the Duke of Portland publicly to disavow any intention of bringing forward further measures foreign to "final adjustment" with reference to any constitutional question between the two countries. But within three days of this disavowal Portland's secret correspondence shows that he was extremely anxious to regain for England a large part of the legislative supremacy which had been surrendered. Without the knowledge of his Chief Secretary, and with the most urgent injunctions of secrecy, he wrote to Lord Shelburne in the British Cabinet expressing the hope that the Irish Parliament might be induced to pass an Act by which the superintending power and supremacy of Great Britain in all matters of State and general commerce would be virtually and effectively acknowledged. Shelburne received the intimation with delight, but in a few days Portland wrote with great mortification that he had discovered it was perfectly hopeless to induce Parliament to adopt any such scheme; he had been led into suggesting it by the persuasion of a member of the House of Commons named Ogilvie, one of a tribe who were always anxious to defeat popular measures. Mr. Fitzpatrick in the English House of Commons in 1799, speaking against the Union, declared from his personal knowledge as a former Chief Secretary that the constitutional compact of 1782 was final. "It was impossible," he said, "for anything to be more odious than this measure [of Union] on account of the breach of faith, without which it was impossible to entertain it for one moment." Stung by Mr. Fitzpatrick's speech, Mr. Pitt stated that the arrangement of 1782 was *not* final, and not considered to be final by the Duke of Portland. Mr. Pitt averred that he could by documentary evidence convince Mr. Fitzpatrick of his error, and offered to show him the documents. Mr. Fitzpatrick, however, declined any confidences. Mr. Pitt then consented, in the event of Mr. Fitzpatrick adhering to his opinion, to produce them to the House. They consisted of seven letters, the first dated May 6th, 1782, and the last June 22nd, 1782, from which it would appear that the Duke of Portland was at the moment of its birth endeavouring to strangle the Parliamentary liberty of Ireland. The Duke of Portland afterwards, as Secretary of State, was the official medium of communications between the Irish Government and the British Cabinet during the time of the

Insurrection of 1798 and the Union. He was the member of the Cabinet on whom the responsibility of Irish administration was principally centred, the principal machinator in England of the Union. He was, moreover, after Pitt and Dundas, well acquainted with the corrupt methods by which the Union was effected. Indeed, he suggested some of these measures.

2. When we remember that the Irish House of Commons consisted of 300 members, of whom 124 were nominated by 53 peers and 91 by 52 commoners, it may well be realised that the desire for the reform of an assembly thus constituted was, after the establishment of Parliamentary independence, intense. Mr. Pitt came into power with the reputation of a great Parliamentary reformer, and he was at first unfeignedly desirous of carrying out his early pledges. His confidential letters to the Duke of Rutland, the Irish Viceroy from 1783 till 1787, have been preserved, and they show that he was seriously anxious to reform the Irish Parliament. "Let me beseech you," wrote Pitt to Rutland on October 7th, 1784, "to recollect that both your character and mine for consistency are at stake unless there are unanswerable proofs that the case of Ireland and England is different, and to recollect also that, moreover, it is our duty to oppose the most determined spirit and firmness to ill-founded clamour or factious pretensions; it is a duty equally indispensable not to struggle but in a right cause. I am more and more convinced in my own mind every day that some reform will take place in both countries. Whatever is to be wished (on which, notwithstanding numerous difficulties, I have myself no doubt), it is, I believe, at least certain that if any reform takes place here the tide will be too strong to be withstood in Ireland." The Irish Administration, on the other hand, was, Mr. Lecky tells us, adverse to any measure of reform. "They got their majority by a small borough system, and they intended to keep it, and opposed a strong passive resistance to every attempt from England to impel them in the direction of reform. The Chief Governor was naturally surrounded by great borough owners whose personal interests were bound up with the existing political system, and the spirit both of resistance and of anti-Catholicism was very greatly strengthened when, in 1783, Fitzgibbon became Attorney-General." It is, I think, very

highly probable that the "passive resistance" in Ireland to reform was a very powerful factor with Mr. Pitt in the conclusion at which he arrived most reluctantly that the question of reform in Great Britain should be postponed. When Parliamentary reform came in 1832, it came simultaneously both to Great Britain and to Ireland.

Mr. Lecky describes the power of John Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare, the Lord Chancellor of the Union, in destroying measures in favour of popular rights and liberties and in promoting the Irish Union without a simultaneous measure of Catholic emancipation. Fitzgibbon, an Irish Castle official working in large measure behind the scenes, although his public activities were strenuous, may be regarded as a realisation of the ideal type of Castle selfish placeman who has so often proved a hindrance to measures beneficial both to Great Britain and Ireland. "His uniform object," says Mr. Lecky, "was to represent the Protestant community as an English garrison planted in an hostile country to govern steadily and exclusively with a view to their interests, and to resist to the utmost every attempt to relax monopoly, elevate and conciliate the Catholics, or draw together the divided sections of Irish life. . . . He was sometimes opposed to his colleagues in Ireland, and more often to the Government in England, but the main lines of his policy on the whole were maintained, and it is difficult to exaggerate the evil they caused. To him more than to any other man is due that nothing was done during the quiet years that preceded the French Revolution to diminish the corruption of the Irish Parliament or the extreme anomalies of the Irish ecclesiastical establishment. He was the soul of that small group of politicians who, by procuring the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam and the refusal of Catholic Emancipation in 1795, flung the Catholics into the Rebellion of 1798, and his influence was one of the chief obstacles to the determination of Pitt to carry Catholic Emancipation concurrently with the Union." It is not difficult to recognise Fitzgibbon's inspiration in the following words in a letter of the Duke of Rutland as Lord-Lieutenant to the English Cabinet in 1785 in opposition to Parliamentary reform:—"The object of the reform is by no means confined to a correction of alleged abuses in the representation, but extends to a substantial change of Parliamentary influence.

Nothing short of this will satisfy the clamorous, and any such change will completely dissatisfy the friends of Government and the established Constitution."

3. The sending to Ireland in 1795 of Lord Fitzwilliam as Lord-Lieutenant, invested with plenary powers by the Cabinet to support legislative proposals for full Catholic Emancipation if they should be brought forward, as they were certain to be, and his sudden recall after he had adopted that policy, having acquainted the Cabinet with every step and meeting with no disapproval, constitute admittedly one of the most disastrous episodes in Irish history. "With the removal," writes Mr. Lecky, "of the few remaining religious disabilities, a settlement of tithes, a moderate reform of Parliament, it seemed still probable that Ireland under the guidance of the resident gentry might have contributed at least as much as Scotland to the prosperity of an Empire. But from the day when Pitt recalled Fitzwilliam the course of her history was changed —intense and growing hatred of England, renewed religious and class animosities, a savage rebellion savagely repressed, a legislative Union prematurely and corruptly carried, mark the closing years of the eighteenth century, and after ninety years (1890) of direct British government the condition of Ireland is unanimously recognised as the chief scandal and the chief weakness of the Empire." What was the reason of Fitzwilliam's sudden recall, which was the direct cause of the Rebellion, and of the Union which was the direct cause of that Rebellion? The secret hand of the Castle official acting against the Government of which he was an over-salaried servant. "I cannot but inform you," wrote the Duke of Portland to Mr. Pelham, when Chief Secretary for Ireland, on March 21st, 1795, "for the purpose of putting you on your guard, that we have learnt from the most unquestionable authority that a correspondence has been carried on, that letters have been written by Fitzgibbon to the King, to whom they have been delivered by Lord Westmorland, a former Lord-Lieutenant, with a view and with more effect than could be wished to alarm his conscience against the concession to the Catholics. I don't know how your friend Pitt feels this, but if this is to be the practice, no Government can go on in Ireland, and I believe there are not two opinions in the greatest part of the Cabinet respecting it."

Of course, Lord Fitzwilliam never knew that Fitzgibbon had been surreptitiously endeavouring to secure the King's opposition on the ground that concession to the Catholics of emancipation would be a violation of his coronation oath. He attributed his recall to his dismissal of intimate friends of Fitzgibbon's in the Castle, who were, he knew, opposed to his policy and with whom he could not maintain the confidential relations incident to their offices on public affairs. John Beresford—whose relations and *protégés* were believed to hold one-fourth of the offices in Ireland, of which Beresford himself used humorously to be called King—Edward Cooke, and Sackville Hamilton, Castle officials bitterly opposed to Catholic emancipation and reform, were dismissed, although ample pecuniary compensation was provided for them. The Catholic question had little, if anything, to say to the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam; the question was merely one of family influence, the great social and political weight of the Beresfords, supported by ex-Lord-Lieutenants, Lord Westmorland and Buckingham in England and Fitzgibbon in Ireland. "Let my friends," wrote Lord Fitzwilliam, "no longer suffer the Catholic question to be mentioned as entering in the most distant degree into the causes of my recall. . . . Had Mr. Beresford never been dismissed I should have remained." "The Ministers," said Grattan, "excited a domestic fever at the hazard of the general interest for no object, or for an object too despicable or too criminal to be mentioned." "A certain family cabal," wrote Burke, "are in sole possession of the ear of the Government." Pitt was surrounded by followers who hated his new Whig allies. He was himself directly or indirectly in constant intercourse with the leading supporters of monopoly in Ireland and with the last two Lord-Lieutenants, both of whom were violently hostile to Lord Fitzwilliam and his system. Catholic Emancipation was defeated in 1795 by "wreckers" in Dublin Castle, aided by influential personages in and out of the Cabinet acting solely for personal objects.

4. Lord Fitzwilliam's recall was, of course, followed by the reinstatement of Beresford and Cooke, and the promotion of Fitzgibbon to the Earldom of Clare. He had been Lord Chancellor since 1789. A policy of open

and avowed coercion, with contemptuous refusal to entertain even the consideration of the question of Parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation, was adopted. The policy of exasperation calculated to goad the people into resistance, notably the "free quarters" which were ordered, the slow tortures which were inflicted under the pretence of forcing confessions, accompanied by public whippings, and the arrest and sending without trial of suspected persons to the Fleet, compelled Lord Carhampton, who had been Commander of the Forces in Ireland from 1795, to resign his post, declaring that some deep and insidious scheme was in agitation for the Irish Government, instead of suppressing, was obviously disposed to excite an insurrection. "Free quarters" is probably a term not known in England. Free quarters rendered officers and soldiers despotic masters of the peasantry, their houses, food, and property, and not infrequently the violators of their wives and daughters. Sir Ralph Abercromby, a member of the House of Commons, whose son was subsequently Speaker of that assembly, a great general, as he proved himself to be in Egypt, and a humane and tender-hearted man, succeeded Carhampton. Abercromby, who was very jealous of the character and reputation of the British Army, superseded as Commander-in-Chief the orders of Lord Camden, the Lord-Lieutenant, who was a subservient creature of Fitzgibbon and the Dublin Castle clique. He forbade his soldiers to act anywhere under any circumstances in suppressing riots, arresting criminals, or in any other function without the presence and authority of a magistrate. In a private letter reproduced in his Biography written by his son, Mr. Speaker Abercromby, Sir Ralph, while still holding the office of Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, says: "Within these twelve months every crime, every cruelty that could be committed by Cossacks or Calmucks, has been transacted here." The Castle clique made Abercromby's retention of his command impossible by intriguing against him by surreptitious communications with the Cabinet, where they had in the Duke of Portland an aider and abettor of their designs. Mr. Lecky gives the following account of this transaction:—"'The hue and cry has been raised in London,' wrote Abercromby, 'and has been carried on, as I hear, principally by that immaculate

character, Lord Auckland.' This information seems to have been quite true, and the part which Auckland played at this time was an extremely mischievous one. Having been, when Mr. Eden, Chief Secretary under Lord Carlisle, he had formed Irish connections, and was in close correspondence with Clare, Beresford, and Cooke, the men who had taken the chief part in producing the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and who were the centre of everything that was reactionary and tyrannical in Irish Government. Auckland was intimate with Pitt, and through his intervention there was a constant channel of communication with Pitt, independently of the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary. They were at this time busily engaged in intriguing against Abercromby." Lord Clare wrote furiously about "the peevish indiscretion" of "this Scotch beast who must have lost his senses." The Duke of Portland, Clare's confederate in the British Cabinet, wrote that Sir Ralph Abercromby's conduct was considered a "great triumph" in England over "Lord Clare's party," and that "the Irish in London inferred from it that the loyalists were abandoned to ruin." Sir Ralph Abercromby was accordingly got rid of and succeeded by Lord Lake, whose reign of terror produced the Rebellion, which itself produced the Union, and thereby established and maintained in power the Dublin Castle clique.

5. The Rebellion was pleasing, as may be imagined, to the Dublin Castle clique. In 1797 Beresford, in the House of Commons, used these words in reference to the Irish people: "They must have recourse to arms . . . he wished they were in open rebellion." At the very beginning of the rebellion Lord Clare predicted that the country would be more safe and peaceable than for many years back. "'I consider,' writes Cooke in a confidential letter, 'this insurrection, however distressing, as really the salvation of the country. If you look at the accounts that two hundred thousand men were in a conspiracy, how could that conspiracy be cleared without a burst! Besides, it will prove many things (a Union) necessary for the future settlement of the country when peace arises.'" Lord Clare acknowledged that for many years before the Union—in fact, from 1793—the destruction of the Irish Parliament had been a main object of his policy. Joined with him

in this conspiracy were others, all of whom with cold-blooded artifice stirred up an insurrection that was to supply the necessary pretext for effecting their nefarious design. When the Union had been determined on, Lord Clare's activities were not abated. He prevailed with Pitt in preventing the Union from being accompanied by a measure of Catholic emancipation. In October, 1798, he went over to London to have an interview with Pitt. He found the Ministry, he said, "full of Popish projects," but he "trusted that he had fully determined them to bring the measure (of the Union) forward unencumbered with the doctrines of Emancipation." "Mr. Pitt," he said, "is decided upon it, and I think he will keep his colleagues steady." Clare's success in preventing a Catholic Emancipation Act from accompanying the Union was not in accord with the sentiments of the Irish Protestants of the day, from whom no serious opposition to the measure was contemplated. It was estimated at the time that ninety-five out of the one hundred members from Ireland in the House of Commons after the Union would have voted for the Catholics. "With different circumstances," writes Mr. Lecky, "the Fitzwilliam episode was reproduced. Once more the hopes of the Catholics had been raised almost to the point of certainty and then dashed to the ground. Once more assurances, which honourable statesmen should have deemed equivalent to a pledge, had been given and had not been fulfilled; once more the policy of Clare prevailed."

I have desired to direct attention to these episodes in the history of England and Ireland in relation to Irish affairs—many others as striking might be reproduced—because they present such strong analogies and similarities of circumstance with the present position in Ireland. The Irish Convention, freighted with the destinies of Great Britain and Ireland, on which the hopes of everyone who desires the welfare of both countries are set, must not be wrecked in the interests of a puny and rapacious clique of Castle officials, backed by evil influence in the British Cabinet. The Irish Convention must be saved from the fate of many another project of reconciliation and appeasement between Great Britain and Ireland which has been sacrificed to similar sinister agencies working in secret.

Japan in the World War

By Naoshi Kato

ED. NOTE.—The following interesting letter has been addressed to the ENGLISH REVIEW and to the Press by Mr. Naoshi Kato, London Editor of the *The Osaka Mainichi* and *The Tokyo Nichi-Nichi*. Readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW will particularly notice Mr. Kato's reference to the principle of the International Magna Charta, on the lines of which, according to his letter, Japan might come into the war at full strength. We also publish a letter from the Chancellor of the Japanese Embassy, the significance of which is obvious. These two letters, taken in conjunction with the Irish adherence to the principle of the Charta already made public (*vide* De Valera's speech about fighting for the little nations, Nov. 18th, in Co. Leitrim), constitute a constructive position for the attainment of that New World spirit which alone can permanently remove the Prussian philosophy of force, and so lead to a new orientation and attestation of Right, based upon President Wilson's conception of a League of Nations. Next month we will publish another article by ·001 reviewing and summarising the entire situation.

SIR,—

The call for a Japanese Expeditionary Army first came from France, then Italy, and finally from England, not to mention Russia, always (of course) unofficially. Now that the British Press is beginning to take the matter seriously —*e.g.*, "An Old Soldier" in the *Morning Post* suggests as one of Mr. Lloyd George's immediate considerations the bringing over of the Japanese troops—may I venture to say a few words which, I believe, reflect the general opinion of the Japanese people upon this question?

Now, Japan's entry into the war was entirely due to the request of the British Government in accordance with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, under the explicit condition that Japanese military operations should be limited to the Far East. It was the desire of England, to which Japan willingly agreed, that Japan should not use her naval force, much less her army, beyond the China seas. But Japan has not adhered literally to this agreement, because she thought it was her duty, as one of the Grand Allies, to trespass beyond the strict limitation of her co-operative

scope, and so at the present moment the Japanese Navy is taking an active part in many oceans. Some portions of the Japanese people have taken objection to this extended co-operation, thinking that Japan was over-"obliging"; but the more far-sighted and intelligent leaders of the nation, both in and outside the Government, have tried hard to convince the people that it was the bounden duty of Japan to do everything in her power to hasten the day of the Allies' victory over the sinister power of the common enemy, not only in the Far East, but all over the world. Considering the position of Japan in this war, both politically and economically, the creation of this public opinion among the nation herself was not an easy task.

I come now to the chief point at issue, viz., the sending of Japanese troops to the main theatre of the war. Is it impossible, then, to induce the Japanese Government and people to send their troops to Europe? No, decidedly not, in my humble opinion, because no sacrifice would be too great on the part of the Japanese nation if only by such sacrifice the Allied cause of justice and lasting peace could gain an early victory. The most disinterested Ally—for such is Japan—will never hesitate to do her duty in far greater extent than hitherto, provided such an effort is absolutely necessary. But is it truly necessary? If so, where to send and how? The chief difficulty lies in transport. To send half a million of troops to the Western front by sea would require a vast transport tonnage. Where is this tonnage to be found? A few divisions, for purposes of *moral*, would never do, for we Japanese are not the people to be contented with half-measures. The Japanese people hate sham show; they are too deadly in earnest for that. I again put the question: how to overcome this paramount difficulty of tonnage?—a tonnage which is nearly double that of the whole Japanese naval and mercantile fleets combined.

But why not send *viâ* Russia? Here the difficulty of transport seems less insurmountable, although one must remember that the Old Russia in the last war with Japan was only able to send 300,000 troops to Manchuria during the course of eighteen months. But granted the possibility,

the question remains whether the Russian people would like the Japanese to reinforce their own army? Despite the recent Russo-Japanese Agreement, I fear that this is a problem of some difficulty, though, in my opinion, not insurmountable. But, it may be asked, is Russia doing her duty as one of the chief Allies? Were M. Kerensky's recent remarks simply a slip of unguarded tea-talk? Although I, for one, have the deepest sympathy with the travail of the new-born Russian Republic, it is not too much to say that her internal conditions, both political and economical, are too chaotic to allow her to devote her strength to the war. The Russian demoralisation is only one of the symptoms of her internal disorganisation. The chief trouble is that Russia is hungry and wet-footed. Her paper currency is enormously inflated, with the consequence of starvation prices in all commodities of life. With her the Revolution comes first, the prosecution of the war next. I am the last to deplore the outbreak of revolution in Russia; it was bound to come sooner or later, and I wish Godspeed to its successful settlement; but it is a pity that it came during the war, when her active military co-operation with the Western Allies might already have ended this war. At the present moment, however, is it possible for any country to send reinforcements to Russia, who has practically lost the fighting spirit against the common enemy? Where are the guns, munitions, and all sorts of equipment which Japan has sent by her industrial mobilisation during the past three and a half years?

I will say nothing about the Italian *débâcle* in the face of a few German-Austrian armies, except this: that it could have been very well avoided by a better and closer co-operation of the British and French armies with that of Italy long before the surprise took place. The chief weakness of the Allies has lain in the lack of single-front strategy, not only in the military sense, but also in politics, diplomacy, and finance. French clamour for the creation of a Grand Allied Headquarters is, to my mind, two years overdue.

I have nothing but admiration for the gigantic effort of England and France in this war; they have done and are doing their duty more than could be expected. But

have they not also got their own defects and weaknesses? I do not refer to the failures in Gallipoli, Serbia, Mesopotamia, etc. No one can expect a perfect conduct of war. The question is whether England and France have shown the same sacrifice of attitude towards their internal troubles as in their external affairs. At once I think of Ireland. Why not settle their internal strife right out by the sacrifice of party contentions on both sides? Is not this world-war, involving the destiny of the British Empire, reason sufficient for the creation of a new atmosphere of reconciliation with regard to this age-long question? If this question be settled right now, at least 300,000 more troops could be sent to the front to fight against the Germans, instead of keeping large garrisons and beating marches against each other at this critical moment of the world's history. What about the Alsace-Lorraine question? Why does France attach the whole issues of the war to this question now, when surely the main objective is the defeat of the enemy? It seems like putting the cart before the horse. It is all very well to have splendid national aspirations, all kinds of irredenta, re-mapping, vistas of a new Europe, etc., but is it not more urgent for the Allies to conduct the war in such a way as to ensure final and complete victory over the enemy? And in order to achieve such a victory, it seems to me essential for the Allies to put forth far greater efforts than they have done in the past. First of all, they, each and all, have to change their attitude of mind, forget all about their petty contentions, throw off their suspicions, and devote the whole of their minds and hearts to the all-inclusive cause of the Grand Allies as a whole.

The spirit of a common task and of mutual sacrifice as of complete co-operation in "the single front" is, to my mind, yet very far from satisfactory realisation. The supreme will of the Allies in order to win the war should lie in the amalgamation of all national interests in one grand scheme of an International Commonwealth, based primarily on the principle of justice and equality. Is it not high time now to liquidate all national interests and strengths, both spiritual and material, into one common account of all nations now engaged in the war to crush

the world's enemy? The lack of wider vision, the narrowness of the scope of co-operation, the insufficiency of an all-embracing imagination—in short, the unreadiness to sacrifice traditional prejudice—is, to my mind, the chief cause of the Allies' weakness, at least at the present moment. Should this spirit of sacrifice be materialised into a concrete form of international sanction, based on the authority of National Tribunals—surely the future mainspring of all power and wisdom on the lines of "The International Magna Charta" suggested in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, then, and then only, will all the internal and external difficulties now facing the Allies as a whole and the nations individually disappear as a mist before the rising sun. The Japanese Army could then be sent over to Europe, for the question of transport could be settled by a rigid adjustment of the world's tonnage, also Russian suspicions could be allayed by guarantees of Japan's disinterestedness; the Irish problem would soon be settled, thus relieving a quarter of a million troops, for Dublin Castle, Ulster, and Sinn Fein would have to submit then to the decision of the Tribunals of such a charter. The Alsace-Lorraine and other irredenta problems would be put in their proper place, for the National Tribunals during and after the war would see to it that they could be settled according to the principle of justice and lasting peace; the Russian financial position with a successful outcome of Revolution would be restored with comparative ease, for the Allied financial resources would be so liquidated as to extend all necessary credit and cash to the most needy of the Grand Alliance; and the day when Germany came to her knees begging for peace would soon arrive, for the formation of such a Grand Alliance of World Powers, far stronger and far more effectual than that of the present conglomeration of different nations with their respective self-interests and petty difficulties, would completely demoralise the enemy, thereby leading to the desired goal. The day of peace will dawn upon the devastated world when, and not till then, the Allies are inspired by and act upon some such great principle as that outlined in the International Magna Charta, which, uniting the Allies now for maximum effort in war, might later on possibly include

a repentant because enlightened Germany, to be developed finally into the establishment of a League of Nations, the true guarantee and safeguard of a lasting peace,

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

NAOSHI KATO,
London Editor, the "Osaka Mainichi" and the "Tokyo Nichi-Nichi."

NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB,
VICTORIA STREET, S.W.,
November 11th, 1917.

JAPANESE EMBASSY,
LONDON,
November 17th, 1917.

DEAR MR. HARRISON,—

I beg to thank you for the copy of THE ENGLISH REVIEW containing the article "The International Magna Charta," which I have read with great interest. Without entering, for obvious reasons, into the concrete points of detail, such, for example, as the question of procedure, the mode of re-shaping Europe, etc., etc., I may state that the root idea underlying your scheme meets with my personal approval, as no doubt it would be the case with a great many of the thinking public in Japan, the land where the precepts of justice, chivalry, and devotion to a grand and worthy cause constitute the guiding principles of the national life.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) L. HONDA (*Chancellor*).

Ireland: Our Test of Statesmanship

By Austin Harrison

When Mr. Lloyd George made his Irish statement some weeks ago in the House, in the course of a debate conspicuous for insincerity and boredom, the Bolo-Press was clearly delighted. It thought that at last the "firm" hand was coming. It hoped that the American-Irish-Spaniard, De Valera, would be clapped into gaol to try a hunger-strike at his leisure or not; and such was the impression, incidentally the sole impression, I personally derived from close attention to the debate in the dim light and Omar Khayyám beatifics of Westminster, wedged in between my genial but vast friend, Mr. Malcolm Lyon, and another gentleman who would ejaculate in his brief moments of wakefulness. "It is war," men told me later. Mr. Lloyd George had pronounced sentence, and there, after a ginger-ale whisky somewhere or other, we left Ireland that night apparently in the arms of Fate and those requisitioned by that mysterious ex-policeman but quite pleasant "feller," Major Price.

I want to dwell on that debate a little, for it is relevant. Not for twenty years had I been in the House. After an hour of it I understood things I never had been able to understand. After three hours I began to understand nothing. At 10.30 p.m. it was clear that nobody wanted to understand anything about Ireland, or perhaps anything at all.

The Front Bench! I eyed that august galaxy with curiosity. The silver locks of Mr. Asquith inspired respect, the "boxed" locks of Mr. Lloyd George commanded interest, but otherwise the "big" figure seemed somehow absent, and, so wondering, I lasted through the astonishing farce of the "questions" hour. What a performance! Like clockwork it went. A matter of reading out an answer—mechanical, dreary, and futile beyond explanation, relieved only by a joke perpetrated by Sir Alfred Mond at the

expense of the English farmer. The House laughed, and Sir Alfred laughed; it reminded me of the standing joke at which years ago I listened to in the German Reichstag. Then the fun began. Mr. Redmond opened it with a censure which was no censure at all, and censoriously delivered a sonorous oration, the only significant sentence of which was punctuated by a nodding assent from the Prime Minister. The effect was automatic. There was to be no fighting debate. Sir E. Carson looked unutterably bored, Mr. Lloyd George prinked approvingly. Then up rose the gracious figure of Mr. Duke. Very sympathetic as a man, this distinguished custodian of the Dublin Castle anachronism, minus the "pinched" jewels, did his duty, like Horatio of old. He fought for the bridge. He "stuck" out the entire sitting. He deserved unquestionably a bar of some sort, for everyone knew that his brief was not worth half-a-crown, and everyone knew that he was put up there to receive the blows which the Irish Party levelled, not in the least at him personally, but solely (through him) at the system which had led to the emotional extravagance of Sinn Fein, the logical reaction to the Carson revolutionary high treason.

So poor Mr. Duke "got" it. He rose to it like some manacled saint on a painted-glass window, and when it was all over I felt most awfully sorry for him, for well he had fought, a true gentleman, without a spark of ill-feeling or any semblance even of humour. Beyond that feat there was nothing.

Mr. Asquith made a neat literary phrase. Some of the Irish members, notably Mr. John Dillon and Mr. Devlin, shot in some awkward ones, and a couple of Orangemen treated their opponents to the usual sour beer, otherwise it was a barren day in the fourth fighting year of the world-war, and when it was all over things were just about as they were before it began.

However, the *Daily Mail* kept the game up for a while, chivvying De Valera, and other papers followed in submissive competition, and finally Mr. Arnold Bennett went to Ireland to make the bourgeois discovery that the *Freeman's Journal* was a "mischievous" paper. He tried to do THE ENGLISH REVIEW stunt, but the Sinn Fein chiefs would not see him. Mr. Arnold Bennett was unconsciously

deucedly droll in his series in the *Daily News*, and I trust he will return as soon as possible to his history of the Five Towns' "card," who is a far simpler gentleman than the Irishman, if only because sixty miles of sea separate him from the insularity of the larger island.

To-day—it is the 13th inst.—I hear that the Convention is terribly "rocky"—the Convention which in Parliament politicians refer to in terms of awe, but which in Ireland every Irishman knows to be an Areopagus of doom and negationalism. Now this is serious. It is serious because the reason is Ulster, because partition has once more become the Northern watchword, as clearly indicated by the *Northern Whig* over two months ago, when it relegated the Convention to the "waste-paper basket."

And here we come to the inevitable *impasse* produced by muddled thinking and Parliamentary inability to deal with facts instead of words. As things are (at this hour), Ireland is again a hopeless deadlock, and our policy has led to abortion.

What is to be done?

I am confident that everything can be done provided it is done quickly and statesmanship is given a chance. The first thing to do is to remove Dublin Castle.

How? Thus, by sending some Imperial representative to see Sinn Fein and invite their co-operation in an interim Irish Government. It is perfectly feasible, only the intercessor must not be an Englishman, for the simple reason that the philosophy of Irish politics makes it treasonable to treat with an Englishman, even though the present-day fiasco has been brought about by an Irishman who dominates English politics just as another Irishman rules and subjugates our Press, and yet a third Irishman commands the British Fleet. But this is merely the rigour of the game, and nothing else. Find that ambassador, send him alone, and give him wide powers, and he will return with the Gaelic gesture in his trouser-pocket. Of course, it will not be as easy as golf, and no doubt some "putts" will be missed. All the same, the opportunity is there, and if only the Imperial emissary preserves a sense of the ridiculous and a sensibility to history, he will have an unrivalled chance of removing the Phœnix Park incubus, thereby paving the way for a new atmosphere.

Atmosphere! That is the need. All depends upon it, nothing can be done without it. But, given that refreshing draught, and at once responsibility will acquire its due measure of authority and the white stone in Ireland will have been laid.

Then the Convention must be reconstituted and again Sinn Fein must be asked to co-operate. I will not continue, because in existing conditions the less said the better. The main and only thing to aim at is atmosphere. If only we can "cut out" the dismal Cromwellian ghost and try to remember that Ireland is smarting under centuries of stupidity and victimisation, we shall move forward. It is worth while. Were Ireland settled peacefully, at least 100,000 men might go to the war next year, in addition to the important army of occupation, and in the statesmanship of sacrifice implied we would have justified the root principle of Anglo-American civilisation. I will merely add one word of advice to the man who attempts the job.

It is to remember this. Sinn Fein is the answer of Catholic Ireland to Carson Orange revolution. Sinn Fein is not a Party movement; it is the spirit of Young and New Ireland, an emancipated Ireland. These young men have forsworn drink. They represent a new attitude. If inchoate and heterogeneous, Sinn Fein is strong precisely because it is an emotion rather than an organisation; precisely because its leaders are fighters rather than thinkers; precisely because it is the spirit of its youth that matters rather than the reason of its association. That is its strength and weakness.

Now if we possessed a grain of statesmanship—and there are welcome signs that we do—the men who rule over us would fasten on this light of an educationable Irish youth and extend to it the wand of sympathy. The danger besetting the anxious inquirer is the religious tri-partite virus represented by the Orange war-cry, "To hell with the Pope!" and against that the young priests' support of the "Republic" militating against the hostility of the hierarchy who see (and fear) in a constitutional Sinn Fein or an accepted Ireland the laïcisation of the Church. This is the problem. The high dignitaries of the Church do not regard with favour a free young Ireland who would inevitably become a free educational Ireland, very likely in economic

association with Labour. And though this is a specifically Irish question, it is, constructively, our English opportunity, as it is, scientifically, that of Sinn Fein. But both extremes must be resolutely faced and tackled.

If, then, we can summon up imagination enough to delegate some Imperial ambassador, and he can find courage enough to judge for himself and not take his cue from the usual high-placed advisers, then there is a genuine chance of a result. Let him visit the Dublin slums if he is in doubt, and remember that Sir E. Carson represents that city's University. He should get a load-line out of that experience and a fair wind, no matter whether the syrens sing the Orange "Protestant Boys" or the Kilkenny cats themselves purr to him their love and their dissension.

The thing now is to give Sinn Fein or Young Ireland its test of self-expression and responsibility, which we can do immediately by removing the stumbling-block to all progress and settlement—Dublin Castle. That done, the "Republic" will find itself. For it is help that Ireland needs, the help of sympathy, which will enable her to work out her own solution on the only possible lines—independence within the nimbus of interdependence.

The Crisis of Irresponsibility

By Austin Harrison

THE hue and cry raised against Mr. Lloyd George for the Paris speech is the measure of our Party and newspaper insincerity. All these men, all these newspapers till that day lavished unstinted praise upon the Prime Minister; and when five months ago I pointed out in this REVIEW that Mr. George was failing because he was not acting upon any principle of *responsibility*, not a few of these same folk protested that Mr. George was the greatest of men. To-day I am bound to say I think his Paris speech was the act of a sincere man.

What is there to defend? I fear but little. Mr. Lloyd George meant well; he started out well, but the moment I noticed certain millionaire and other friends of his given Government office it was clear that he was not influenced by standard, which alone in time of crisis warrants, or is likely to produce, success. The Mesopotamia scandal came and was passed over, literally blinked at save for the fall of Mr. Chamberlain, who probably had less to do with it than anyone, and was certainly far less responsible than the Prime Minister himself. After that I knew it was only a question of time, because it is facts in war which matter, and they are, however loud the Bolo Press may shriek, roughly, if somewhat rhetorically, as Mr. Lloyd George stated them in his Paris speech.

But for the Italian distaster, due in distinct part to the Western obsession, thereby causing neglect of military statesmanship, Mr. Lloyd George would still be the "indispensable" leader, the "wonderful little man," as his political time-servers name him, and the autumn prophets and profiteers would by this time be calling out the Ides of March as the next certain day of the All-German collapse brought about by American 'planes and airmen; unfortunately the autumn is also the German period for getting

things done. The result we know. Just as the Press-befooled British public imagined that the Germans had been beaten to a frazzle on the West, they see the Germans suddenly attack in the South; and Mr. Lloyd George, with no little moral courage, makes a clear statement of the position, for which he is promptly dubbed a Bolo.

At once the jackals bark and bite, and the Liberal Press is seen to be split in two, some supporting, others bitterly denouncing, all because Mr. Lloyd George had not talked the usual Ministerial twaddle, and an attempt was suggested to obtain a single command. I do not know how the hullabaloo will end, but already we have seen a letter from Lord Northcliffe tearing to pieces the administration he had been serving on all the summer, and his letter declining the Air Board has elicited a *riposte* from Lord Cowdray, who rightly tenders his resignation, seeing that behind his back Mr. Lloyd George had apparently offered the post several times previously to Lord Northcliffe. In short, chaos. The French, on the other hand, strongly favour the single command, nor is it any secret that America also favours the Georgian new Allied Council as the means to stabilise government, and so, through an international bureaucracy, to set up machinery superseding the control of Parliament, Press, or people.

If the speech was sound, what of the Council? Examined, the War Council (as explained in the seven articles of the Prime Minister) means eyewash. If it is to have no executive power, then obviously it is useless; if, as it would claim, it is to possess strategic powers, then again obviously it sets up a government behind the General Staffs, which is a very dangerous expedient, because intrigue, opinion, and the personal equation would find a fresh potential outlet both for map-making and man-unmaking, both of which exercises existed in surfeit before the Italian retreat. It looks, then, as if a big crisis had arisen, a crisis which is at once national and international; first, because it represents the bid for control on the part of an international conclave of politicians; secondly, because it has aroused conflict between Ministers and soldiers—a conflict which is well known to be personal—and those

elements of political reaction which consider it sport blindly to support militarism; thirdly, because its international composition threatens to destroy even the shreds of personal and intellectual liberty remaining to the peoples, to the complete disregard of all public Ministerial responsibility.

Such a crisis cannot end suddenly, cannot on the lie of the facts, which alone count in war, be brought to any stable conclusion without a raking process of elimination and readjustment which must necessarily be bumpy and painful. It has arisen out of the facts, as a similar crisis arose last year over the loss of Roumania, and its disintegrating effects are felt so keenly because of Mr. George's system of irresponsibility, as he himself proclaimed with sublime ingenuousness in his confession of office ever since the war began, himself connected with the plethora of blunders enumerated for which he would have us believe he was in some mysterious way not responsible. The crisis of responsibility has come. It may end in the fall of the George administration, in a radical change of *personnel*, and even form, of government, in a new coalition of extremists under the bâton of Lord Northcliffe, but this latter solution would hardly seem thinkable so long as he was associated with his newspapers, which, already controlling the Press, would thus set up a dictatorship such as England has never yet witnessed, and is hardly likely to tolerate. I trust Lord Northcliffe will return to his post as observer and critic, where he can most usefully exercise wise and constructive power, and not—I think civilians will follow—attempt to revive the cavalry charge.

In all this welter the attempt is being made to draw a sharp line between soldier and civilian, and indeed a kind of terrorism has been established, backed up by a "red light" speech by Sir E. Carson, who just before the Italian disaster told us that Austria wanted to go out of the war.

Anything more artificial and demonstrably political in character cannot be conceived. Our whole modern Army is a civilian Army. Even the Navy has had to call in civilians. As for the strategy, administration, and equip-

ment of our existing militarism, let me recall that it was a civilian and a halfpenny paper which broke up the shell scandal, and incidentally probably saved Europe from disaster; that it was a civilian who conducted the recruiting campaign; that it is civilians who forced the Navy to understand the importance of the Air Service; that civilians have accomplished the thousand and one technical things used in modern war; that it was Mr. Wells, civilian, who dwelt upon spurs in the trenches, but it was the military who kept tens of thousands of cavalry doing nothing all the summer; and that Mr. Lloyd George it was who laid the foundations of that vast munitions output, carried out largely by women, which is the wonder of the great war. Nor can it be alleged that even politicians were really responsible for our terrible blunders—thus Gallipoli; the loss of Serbia, owing to our strategic inability to grasp the significance of the Danube; Mesopotamia; Roumania, because professional soldiers were in control; and if, as in the case of Gallipoli, they allowed themselves to be talked into doing stupid things by politicians, then the judgment of history must go against them for the weakness of character and military irresponsibility they displayed.

Lord Fisher fell because of this weakness, but the man who shot down the first Zeppelin was a civilian in 1914. At the beginning of this year General Haig staggered the professional military world by a prophecy that he would "break" the German lines this summer in "two places." I ask: "Was this scientific?" The position nine months later on the Western front was officially stated by Mr. Lloyd George,* but we have no system of responsibility, and so failure carries with it no penalty, but, oddly enough, rather the contrary, and so there is no standard whereby to measure men, and nowhere is this evil system, or want of system, more pronounced than in our military commands. I know men who have been in the Army for years, who have been wounded, who have fought ever since 1914, and yet remain captains, but Mr. Winston Churchill automatically

* Since this was written the world has been astounded by the splendid victory of the Tanks. It was the success of surprise. In a morning we achieved more than in all this summer's fighting, and the results—due to the use of brains—may change the whole theory and conditions of positional war next year.

became brigadier-general,* and Sir John Simon, gracefully abandoning (we are told) over £20,000 a year, mechanically assumes the grade of major, and he the man who bitterly opposed conscription, without which this war would to-day have been lost. In the face of these insincerities, to talk about civilian amateurishness as opposed to scientific professionalism is nonsense. Before the war the Service was looked upon as a preserve for the gentry and the War Office was a class club. We had no responsible system; we only had a machine honeycombed with red tape, and nearly every right thing that has been done has been forced through by civilian outside pressure, by Lord Northcliffe's newspapers—thus about the Air Service (and that long before the war)—and by the few independent journalists who risked their whole reputations in the attempt.

Even before the war, what did the War Office do to prepare for the danger? Only Lord Roberts stood out and fought like a man. When war started we had merely a few machine-guns; we had an utterly neglected Air Service, reserves, Intelligence Department, and no General Staff. All these defects have been remedied, marvellously so, largely through the work and initiative of civilians; moreover, our whole magnificent Overseas Army is civilian, than which there is now no finer force in the world.

It is in brains that we have failed—failed because we have no responsibility, and so no means to acquire and apply them; and to-day the Higher Command is as wooden in its attachments as on the first day of war. Every man who knows anything knows this. Those who call out blindly, "Trust the soldiers!" are parrot-talkers, like the men who burnt the *Daily Mail* in 1915, and most of them, it will be noticed, have never ceased criticising military operations ever since 1914. All that is only one more evidence of that curse of insincerity which palsies Parliament and our public life; which crushes out the truth; which perpetuates the insular illusion of self-complacency and ignorance when what, above all, is needed is the fresh air of intellectual honesty and criticism, knowledge, brains, readiness to learn and apply the new lessons, the springiness and

* Or was it colonel?

elasticity of youth. In this sense Mr. Lloyd George's speech was a sincere effort. It has done good, and will continue to do good. Like a blast from sanguine, free America, it shames the rubbish daily poured out in the Press, and very particularly those Ministers who talk of the war as "all but won," when on physical lines it is clear that in all probability we have another two years of war before us, seeing that Russia has defaulted, and that defaulting tonnage will make it impossible for America to be a decisive military factor, in the absence of the incalculable, next summer. All which is perfectly well known to the Germans, who, if they can reach and hold the Adige line, still more if they get to the Po, will practically have reduced the Southern front to a negation, and may, if they push on to Genoa, turn the Mediterranean into a second Baltic Lake.

To hide up all this with shrieks of Bolo—which really means no criticism—is treason to the race. The time has passed for concealment. What we have to face in the disaster that has befallen Italy is the great crisis of the war—a crisis which can only be redeemed by new methods and new men acting on sound principles of responsibility. *Nothing else matters.* In great part the object of the German Italian campaign is to upset our winter preparations; to draw our Army from France; to cause wastage, losses, and delay; to prevent the careful and methodical preparations for next year's fighting, and, of course, to paralyse Italy. If Italy (as I fear) loses Padua, Verona, Venice, and the fertile Venetian plains, this latter object will largely have been accomplished. It has come about because we, as usual, gravely underestimated the enemy's strength owing to the obsession that the Flanders front is the only thing that matters, and that this summer we had physically exhausted the foe.

But when we take sides and vociferate, we forget. Every year the war shifts the balance of the Allied control. In the first year it was Russia * who saved Europe; in the second year it was again Russia who drew the German armies to the East; in the third year it was France at

* After, of course, the battle of the Marne.

Verdun plus Britain; this year the control passed over to us. What we forget is that from the day that America entered the war the final responsibility shifted to the New World. And this absolutely. Were America not now in the war we could not hope to win. But for American help all this time we would inevitably have been defeated. As things are to-day, Europe could not win without American aid in men, material, and finance; and as America is now the great military potential, so it is America who alone can now win for us and decide our destinies. This is the key to the present crisis, which is only nationally ours. But the issue is international, and must be so decided, and it is in this spirit that men must view the new Allied Council as an attempt to codify and co-ordinate the Allied military strategy as a single directive whole.

From this point of view the proposed Council deserves careful consideration, and it is precisely here that Mr. Lloyd George's explanation seems inadequate. If such a Council is to be of real military use, it must have real executive powers; in plain words, it must be in effect an Allied General Staff with absolute powers both for strategy and statesmanship, and if it has not these powers, if it is not able, that is, to control, then its only purpose is political. And this is where Mr. George's proposal, as at present known, seems to be constructively unsound. From the scientific military point of view, clearly the Single Command is the maximum to aim at. Those who, for rather schoolboy reasons, chafe at the notion of the British Army directed by one of the Allies are not thinking militarily, that is all; and if such a scheme is found to be impracticable, then we shall forfeit our maximum conception and must fain be content with a second-best plan. But why should it be, if our interests are common and our objective is a single one? The Staff would not interfere with the field, because the field would be its responsibility.

That alone really matters. An Allied Council which did not control but could only suggest must inevitably lead to friction, to bad economy, to faulty decisions of statesmanship, and, in the event of non-military success, to

dangerous disillusion. It is the grand difficulty of all alliances, and there is nothing new in its presentation at this juncture. The larger the alliance, the more complex the difficulty, that is all; but it is a problem which surely now must be faced if we are to obtain that central authority which all realise to be indispensable if the war is to be brought to an end on purely physical lines, as still would appear to be the watchword in the absence of any stated specification of aims beyond those of Ministerial rhetoric. But there is another side to the question of such a Council, and that is the setting up of a dictatorial international Areopagus of a kind which eliminates all constitutional and national responsibility.

This is another question, a democratic one. A self-imposed Allied War Government in complete control would render all Parliaments nugatory, would closure all known conception of constitutional government, would hamstring the Press, would, in effect, constitute a despotism over mind and human liberty such as the world has never known. It is late to try such an experiment. Personally, I can hardly imagine such a thing at this stage of the war with the tidal wave of Democracy rising over the plains of Europe, with the very war, indeed, threatening to end in the breaking-point of European revolution. I do not know whether its founders have considered this side of the question, but they will have to consider it. I sincerely trust Mr. Lloyd George will climb up a hill and think out this thing with all the dangers humanly underlying it.

All the same, we have to decide, for there is a bourne to all things mortal, and to-day something more is needed than the amateurish strategy comprised in the formula "killing Germans," which somehow seems to have fascinated our war "experts" since the days of the Somme, when they cheerfully expected the Germans to await our devastating bombardment instead of resorting to mobility, as has been the case this year. Next spring we may discover—we probably shall—that Flanders has been flooded and that war will therefore become amphibious, rendering mobility almost impossible. The creation of a controlling mind then is certainly a desirable end, and if it can be

internationally achieved on lines which make for responsibility, then it is not one we can afford to dismiss either as a freak of Mr. George or of Colonel House.

The immediate crisis ended in the debate of the 19th, after which the Press announced the Prime Minister's "triumph." Newspapers ate their articles of the day before like bull's-eyes, and Mr. Lloyd George was easily able to vindicate his speech with a jocular reference to a torpedo in a rough Channel crossing. Mr. Pringle spoke truth, and there the "crisis" ended in another fizzle. But the matter does not terminate because Mr. George has registered another forensic victory; for the crisis is real enough, and only new methods can hope to overcome it. The establishment of an International War Council stands, if only for the cogent reason that America will certainly desire some central machinery for the conduct of war, and must now be the controlling support, seeing that we are physically dependent upon that support. In M. Clemenceau France possesses a very powerful personality, bold enough not only to initiate, but also to originate. Nine months ago he told me that if the offensive failed this year the politicians would have to take the war in their hands. That is the position we have arrived at to-day. To start the hare of civilian control *versus* professional is manifestly insincere and not a little ridiculous. *All America is civilian.* All American statesmanship is civilian, and so is her co-operation. This is mere word jugglery, and leads nowhere.

There was one brave, if infinitely sad, speech in the "cavalry charge" debate on the 19th from Major J. C. Wedgwood, who seems destined to acquire an honourable reputation. The Press mostly suppressed it, but I publish here a few of the sentences culled from the *Star*. He said: "After all, what we have to measure in every military operation is whether the sacrifice is worth the gain, whether, for instance, the sacrifice of getting Passchendaele is worth Passchendaele, or whether the sacrifice of holding Passchendaele is worth it. The Generals in command on the field have, as it were, a *parti pris*, a vested interest in the success of that operation, and they may feel that their reputation is bound up with the ultimate

capture of a certain position. The conditions of fighting in the mud during these last six weeks have been more terrible than anything in the previous history of the British Army. The awful thing about the recent fighting is that the men are neither killed nor wounded, but very often they are drowned. *We* are responsible for this, we who let this sort of thing go on, afraid of saying what we think because, perhaps, Generals may be changed."

We set up idols which the Press hammers into the board of popularity, and any man who thinks constructively and ventures to criticise is promptly labelled a spy or a cucumber, so that the one real effective power in the country to-day is the *Daily Mail*, which alone possesses the prerogative of criticism; and to such an absurd condition is this fetichism reduced that if the *Daily Mail* takes up Ireland as a story, all other newspapers take up Ireland in suit; or if Bolo is the cry, then all Fleet Street bays with the Carmelites; if Lord Northcliffe writes a letter, everybody believes there is a first-class crisis, unless the fairies of Tallis Street inform them a day or so later that there is no crisis at all and the cavalry can dismount. It is the tyranny of sensation or herd instinct. Only sensation pays. The artist in insincerity wins. And this condition leads to the flatulence of Ministerial utterances, because a Minister who cannot provide a headline is no use to the purveyors of public sensation. Thus Mr. Lloyd George himself on November 19th: "Of the submarine I have no further fear," qualified by the condition, November 20th, "assuming the submarine situation got no worse"—which seems rather an unscientific way of looking at it, and does not conduce to that responsibility of Government which is now forced to put us on food rations.

It is so with the new Allied Council. If it is merely to provide gas instead of petrol, then it will become the very serious duty of thinking men and women to force the question of responsibility as the capital issue of the country. At this hour no Minister is responsible, nor is there any way to make him responsible. We have loud complaints about amateur strategy, but, November 21st, we learn from the belated Gaza despatches that the two battles

we were given to understand were victories were not victories, and we are told we are "destructive" if we ask the pertinent question why Sir Archibald Murray was recalled, and, still more, why he was surreptitiously rewarded with the Aldershot Command. This again is a matter which concerns all civilians. Is this question also to be left "in the air"? Are the reserves of Britain's magnificent civilian Army to be told they are amateurs and must not ask? I say this is a puerile attitude, and utterly unscientific. It is the strategy of "killing Germans" on the West, whereas the truth is that the ratio of casualties is, in the existing mobile conditions of the defensive, generally estimated at the front as one German to every three of ours.

For these reasons a true Allied Council would obviously be of immense importance. It may be found unworkable to fight jointly under any one General, but there can be no reason why a joint General Staff should not be able to direct operations on all fronts in perfect harmony and usefulness; and as statesmanship in war is every bit as important as military strategy, an Allied Council of statesmanship is not only a condition to aim at, but positively at this juncture an end we must attain to in the very critical months that clearly now lie before the Governments of Europe and America. It is highly conceivable that Russia may shortly lapse into a neutral Ally, and, if so, the additional accretion of power to Germany in men and guns, not to speak of Austria, would restore the enemy to a position of great offensive strength; it is also more than likely that Italy will be the theatre of very important operations this winter, which may even change the whole venue of the war next year. These are considerations we can no longer afford to leave "on trust" to irresponsibility. The hazard of opportunism is our responsibility, and if we fail to obtain that responsibility, fail to compel our leaders to tell us bluntly the facts and retire when they fail, we shall find that time, which two years ago was our specific ally, will work for the "King of Prussia" and for that reaffirmation of the old feudal Europe which Democracy took up arms to destroy in the finest gesture of modern times.

Thus the real difficulty of any controlling Council will be its machinery of responsibility. An oligarchy exercising sovereign authority would be dependent upon success; on the other hand, an international oligarchy could hardly be made nationally or constitutionally responsible, in which case idolism would reign, for good or for evil, supreme. That is the Prime Minister's difficulty. He will have to choose between the existing tenets of idolatry or irresponsibility and a mechanism which is in some positive sense responsible. The mean will leave things as they were. But the former is dangerous, the latter is internationally complex. It is easy to foresee the pitfalls. There would be no one to blame in the first instance; there would be all to blame in the second. The idea that the Press can be indefinitely muzzled is unthinkable, and international censorship would not add to the hilarity at a time when M. Clemenceau rightly decides to remove political censorship. All these points must be weighed. It is really our stupid Press censorship which has played all the time to the gallery of sensationalism, because by relieving newspapers of intelligent responsibility the Government drove the Press into commercialism, and so silenced responsible criticism. In France M. Clemenceau has removed the blinkers. Let Mr. Lloyd George do likewise here.

If Mr. Lloyd George would only think upon these lines he should be able to evolve something like the unanimity of advice and control required. If he would only say to himself, "My Ministers must be responsible, and if they fail or talk nonsense, they must go," he would find a support from the public which might astonish him. People are tired of the ceaseless prophecies, the eternal asseverations; they want results, and after four seasons of fighting they are reasonably wondering whether Mr. Lloyd George's team is adequate to the enormous task which faces the Allies. The attempt to represent the late crisis as a "sham" one will not hold. It is deep because it is far more than a Government crisis, far more than a mere unrest at failure of performance; and it remains unsolved. Mr. Lloyd George's test lies before him. No man wants to be hasty or unfair, but he must now make up his mind

to go ahead sternly with the business of reorganisation of control, and if he is wise he will be guided by America.

What we need above all things is the clear objective which we have not got, and a central military authority, an authority which can visualise all fronts as part of the whole; which can take decisions on any part of all these fronts; which sees singly. The question quintessentially is the aim. Again and again I have implored Ministers to be precise, to think scientifically, to pronounce. I can only hope that the Paris Conference will be fruitful in this respect, failing which we shall again be thrown back upon the unsound position we are to-day trying to persuade ourselves does not exist because Parliament lacked the moral courage to face it and the Press has no longer any personal independence.

We may be in for a cycle of crises, and, if so, then clearly our course is plain. It is to appeal to the country. Attempts to shut down all reason and liberty by any experiment of Government control, which is merely a saving-face device, will only complicate a crisis which is essentially one of responsibilty, and cannot now be cured by irresponsibility.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

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with certain prefaces originally written for Mrs. Garnett's translations of the Novels and Tales. The book is an admirable example of concise and discriminating criticism, which should find a place in every library where Russian letters are at all adequately represented. To what might be called a volume of Prefaces Mr. Joseph Conrad has prefixed another, characteristic in its generous vigour. One may well agree with him that Turgenev was at least fortunate in finding a translator so sensitive to delicate beauty, and a critic of such quick sympathy and insight.

JOHN KEATS: HIS LIFE AND POETRY, HIS FRIENDS, CRITICS, AND AFTER-FAME. By SIDNEY COLVIN. Macmillan. 18*s.* net.

Sir Sidney Colvin has here carried to a triumphant issue the work of following up his short study of Keats, in the Men of Letters Series, with a closer critical and biographical record of the poet's life and writing. The result is a volume that must count among the most significant and important that the war-years have produced; the classic "Keats" certainly for our generation. It is manifestly impossible to compress any kind of survey of such a book within the space available here; one must be content to record a respectful admiration, and leave it. Some few points there are, however, that may be specially noticed. "Considering for how much friendship counted in Keats's life, I have tried to call up the group of his friends . . . more fully than has been attempted before," says Sir Sidney in his preface; and the effect of his treatment is to throw a fresh and illuminating light upon the circle, of fellow-workers chiefly, whose personalities touched and influenced the poet. For example, Leigh Hunt, that universal "Charles his friend," whose dubious fate it was to dwell as a mortal upon Olympus, and people his domestic parlour with the gods, is quite brilliantly sketched. We have also at some length the tragic episode of Fanny Brawne, "graceful, silly, fashionable, and strange," to whom the writer, in contrast to certain other chroniclers, does perhaps a little more than justice. In fine a great task, most worthily carried out, and a rich contribution to the history of English letters.

FICTION

THE CHALLENGE TO SYRIUS. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. Nisbet, Ltd. 6*s.* net.

The author of *Sussex Gorse* has again written a novel of far more than ordinary interest. This time she has clearly followed a star—Syrius—with the object of showing that success in life is what one does rather than the result of that work, and so how a man can fail in the accepted worldly sense and yet succeed in all that is real, in all that makes life warm and true and essential. The hero is such a failure. He is a bumpkin with literary potentials, who drifts up to London, enters journalism, dallies with the primrose path, and finally goes out to America to fight in the great war. All this latter part is somewhat detached and forms a separate story. Indeed, it is a history more than a novel, and whereas the first part is curiously English in its rustic portrayal of character, the second part is atmospherically American and quite curiously vivid, even if the account of the war seems somewhat pale and reminiscent in the face of the present world upheaval, and so it ends in—failure. The boy returns eventually an old man, finds the farm-girl he loved as a boy, and marries her. Why not? He has lived a good fighting life. He has tried. Once more a woman has struck a new and vibrant note.

FIELDS OF THE FATHERLESS. By JEAN ROY. W. Collins and Co., Ltd. 6*s.* net.

A striking book. Not a novel in the fictional sense, for this is a study of real life, written with candour, the confession of a woman born illegitimate, out of which there emanates a soul. An unusual thing in English fiction, and the more unusual in that the writer is Irish, Protestant Irish, and the life she records is in Scotland. The whole thing savours of *Marie Claire*. Here we find a self-educated girl turning novelist. She has great natural sympathies. She writes simply. She has "created." We have seen "Peg o' My Heart," the Irish girl, that is, as represented commercially for English consumption. This book is the prose of the picture, only not told commercially, not adapted for the stalls, not written down to a public brought up on artificial burglar heroics or false amatory make-believe; nor

have we any hesitation in saying that this book stands right out as among the few that are genuinely worth reading both for its charm and true inwardness. Nothing romantic happens. In place of the usual hero, the usual vagaries, the inevitable marriage, we have the tragedy of a life, its struggles and situations, and in the end the happiness of mind reached by conscious tranquillity. There is a touching beauty in this work. As we close the book our heart goes out to the writer in a manner very rare in these days of the stock-pot novel.

POETRY

CHRIST IN HADES. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. Illustrated by STELLA LANGDALE. With an Introduction by C. LEWIS HIND. John Lane, 1917. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

There seems some likelihood—we say it not by way of objection—that in this edition of the late Stephen Phillips's "crowned" poem, the work itself may be overshadowed by the introduction. Starting with the avowed object of explaining the episode of this coronation by the Academy, Mr. Hind digresses gaily into a more or less comprehensive review of journalism in the 'nineties. Both as writer and editor he was in the full stream of that epoch, so lively and full of movement, when (as he himself happily phrases it) "life capered." It follows that the tale he tells of it all would alone be worth the three shillings and sixpence that is the price of the book. As for Miss Langdale's pictures, what can one say but that she is imaginative yet austere, with a touch that recalls sometimes that of Blake? One may think that any illustration of such a theme is both impossible and superfluous, and yet render a deserved tribute to the sympathy and sincerity with which (as here) the impossible has been attempted.

WAR

THE LONG TRICK. By "BARTIMEUS." Cassell. 6*s*. net.

This delightful book gives us intimate glimpses of the great silent Navy doing all those manifold things of which we hear so little and see nothing at all. The Grand Fleet, the minesweepers and submarine chasers, the submarines, destroyers, and all their *personnel* come vividly into the

picture, but most of all it is the sailor man himself in his habit as he lives, with his keenness, fun, and gallantry, whom we see busy with his job, at work, at play, and in the swift and splendid climax of battle—all this is threaded upon a love-story none the less charming for being slight and restrained. "Bartimeus" has already proved his gift as the prose bard of Britannia; no one else interprets for the grateful landsman the great Service of which we are all so proud, and nobody has ever written a finer picture of a fleet action than that which we get in *The Long Trick*. It is safe to say that everybody will read this latest book of "Bartimeus" with deep interest and delight, both for the thrill of its matter and the charms of its manner.

THE FALL OF THE ROMANOFFS. By the AUTHOR OF "RUSSIAN COURT MEMOIRS." Herbert Jenkins, Ltd. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

Revelations in revolution. The author, who attained a considerable popular success with his former volume about the Russian Imperial Court, has now followed it with another, in which he adds much that before "had to be omitted for obvious reasons." Whether the result has any serious historical value one can hardly at this moment judge; of its immediate interest there can be no question. It is the record of a tragedy brought about by a criminal and a fool in consort: the guile of the notorious rogue Rasputine, and the almost incredible folly of the ex-Empress Alexandra, are shown as the main causes of the fall of the Romanoff dynasty, and the tale of it reads like some fantastic nightmare. Perhaps at times the reader's incredulity is in part justified; much of the book is palpable gossip, product of the fierce light that beats upon palatial backstairs. But even after these deductions have been made, that which remains furnishes a story of criminality and intrigue which the publishers are justified in calling "without parallel in history": the last chapter (perhaps) in the annals of a sinister and unhappy house.

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The R·S·P·C·A· helping at the Front

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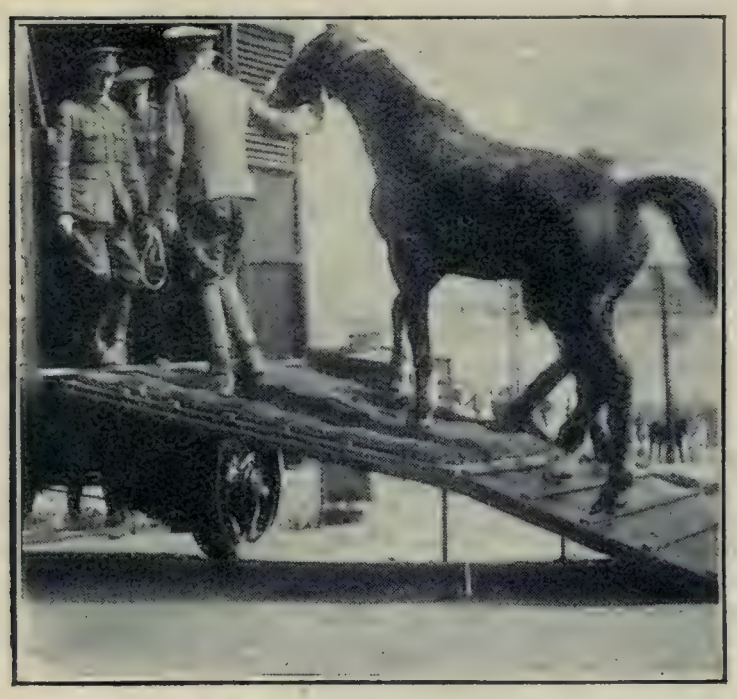
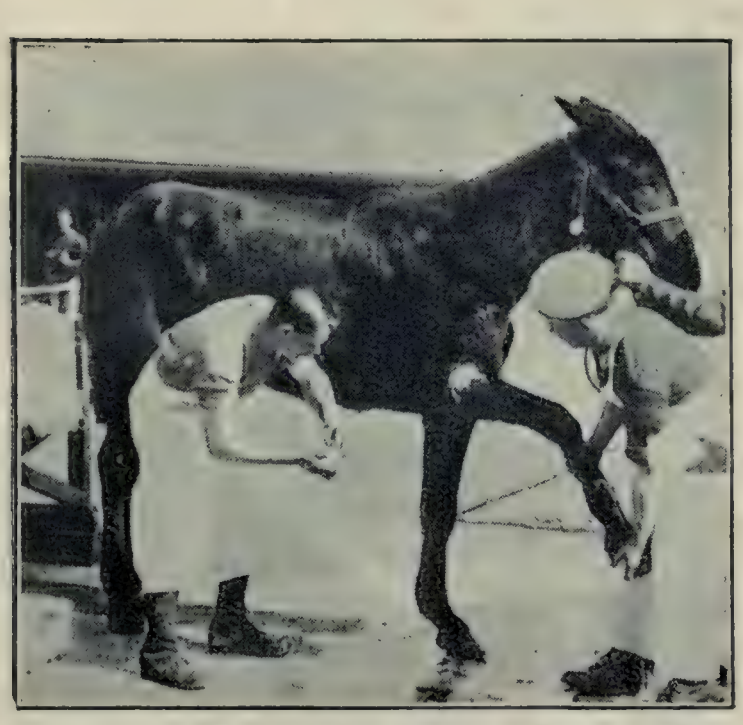
Temporary Shelter for British Horses in the early days of the War.



One of the Motor Ambulances presented to the Veterinary Authorities for conveyance of Wounded Horses.

One of the Motor Lorries presented to the Army Veterinary Corps by the R.S.P.C.A. Fund.



Veterinary Hospital: Mule having a wound dressed.

Chloroforming a Horse previous to Operation.

With the Army Veterinary Corps in France

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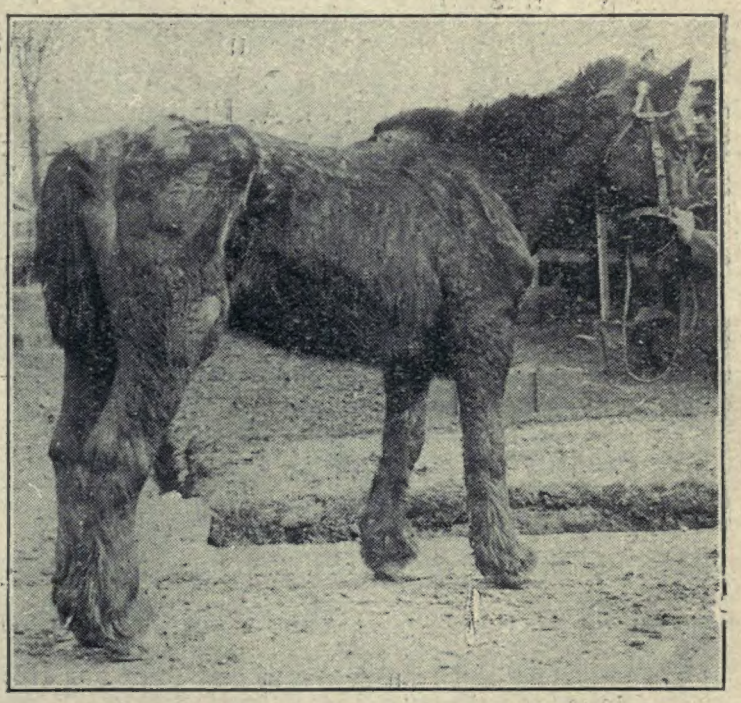
A complete Veterinary Hospital for 1,250 Horses.

Injured Horse arriving by Train, taken in R.S.P.C.A. Ambulance to Hospital.



Just arrived from the Front at a Veterinary Hospital provided by R.S.P.C.A. Fund.

GOOD RESULTS OF ARMY VETERINARY WORK.—A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.
Back from the front—Patients for the Hospital

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Three Patients ready to be discharged to Remounts.

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Thus came about the formation of the **R.S.P.C.A FUND FOR SICK & WOUNDED HORSES**, having as Chairman the Duke of Portland, and Hon. Treasurer, Mr. C. A. Phillimore, of Coutts Bank; and endorsed by the Under Secretary for War as the only Society recognized by the Army Council to collect funds and co-ordinate offers of assistance for the horses of the British Army.

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IN OFFERING the foregoing facts of the work of the R.S.P.C.A. Fund, Captain Fairholme, A.V.C., as Hon. Secretary, takes the opportunity to acknowledge the generosity of the Public that alone has made the great work possible. The ready response that has come to every appeal encourages the hope of a speedy contribution of the

£50,000 NOW NEEDED

for the 5,000 extra beds in the British Horse Hospitals in France.

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AND PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911) LTD., 19 GARRICK ST., LONDON, W.C. 2.
ADVERTISING OFFICES: 19 GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C. 2.
REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
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